

No. 12.

MODO ME THEBIS

MODO PONIT ATHENIS

VOL. II.

THE
Musical Monthly
AND
DRAWING ROOM
MISCELLANY.

APRIL

1865.

ONE SHILLING.

CONTENTS

"FOR LACK OF GOLD,"
BY A GOSPEL.

Music, &c. by Vincent Wallace	12
Ballad & Quod	13
... ..	14
... ..	15
... ..	16
... ..	17
... ..	18
... ..	19
... ..	20
... ..	21
... ..	22
... ..	23
... ..	24
... ..	25
... ..	26
... ..	27
... ..	28
... ..	29
... ..	30
... ..	31
... ..	32
... ..	33
... ..	34
... ..	35
... ..	36
... ..	37
... ..	38
... ..	39
... ..	40
... ..	41
... ..	42
... ..	43
... ..	44
... ..	45
... ..	46
... ..	47
... ..	48
... ..	49
... ..	50
... ..	51
... ..	52
... ..	53
... ..	54
... ..	55
... ..	56
... ..	57
... ..	58
... ..	59
... ..	60
... ..	61
... ..	62
... ..	63
... ..	64
... ..	65
... ..	66
... ..	67
... ..	68
... ..	69
... ..	70
... ..	71
... ..	72
... ..	73
... ..	74
... ..	75
... ..	76
... ..	77
... ..	78
... ..	79
... ..	80
... ..	81
... ..	82
... ..	83
... ..	84
... ..	85
... ..	86
... ..	87
... ..	88
... ..	89
... ..	90
... ..	91
... ..	92
... ..	93
... ..	94
... ..	95
... ..	96
... ..	97
... ..	98
... ..	99
... ..	100

10, MARK LANE, E.C.
LONDON, E.C.

The Musical Monthly.

THE MUSIC EDITED BY VINCENT WALLACE.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

APRIL 1, 1865.

[Right of Translation reserved.]

LE BON VIEILLARD. (BÉRANGER)

Children of pleasure! whom Bacchus assembles,
You who've attracted me here by your songs,
True I am old, it is true my voice trembles,
List ye the lay that to old age belongs.
Of the days long gone by I will bring you the story,
How in old times I've drunk with great Panard the bold:
Friends all of wine, and of beauty and glory,
Give a smile and a cheer to my song now I'm old.

Ah, ah! how you all press around! Would you feast me?
How the generous wine to your glasses has sprung!
You have driven away the vain fear that possessed me,
Lest the sight of my old age should sadden the young.
May Time as he goes by but add to the story
Of joy and of pleasure, of love and of gold:
Friends all of wine, and of beauty and glory,
Give a smile and a cheer to my song though I'm old.

Like you, I've received oft caresses the sweetest—
Your grand-dames can tell if I knew how to please,
I had friends, I'd a mistress, I'd mansions the greatest,
They have left me alone with such poor rags as these:
But Memory of all still adheres to her duty,
Though I sigh as by her of past glories I'm told:
Friends all of wine, and of glory and beauty,
Give a smile and a cheer to my song though I'm old.

Of my wealth, our political discords bereft me,
Yet our country, our France, I've ne'er quitted at all,
In the few drops of wine that my troubles have left me,
No false pride can mingle one foul drop of gall:
At the vintage I've sung on the hills that were mine once,
Though another has bought them with alien gold:
Friends all of beauty and glory and wine, once
More deign to smile on my song though I'm old.

Though companion long years back of soldiers who fought
well,
It is not as Nestor, to you I would speak;
Could I change, I should reckon indeed I had bought well
One day of your youth with my old age so weak.
By all that I love most I swear that the story
Of what you have done makes my worn heart grow bold:
Friends all of wine, and of beauty and glory,
Give a smile and a cheer to my song though I'm old.

From your virtues, my children, what future shall spring
forth—
Let us pledge your last love with the brightest of lays;
For our liberty's born, and her praise you shall sing forth,
While my grave shall be gilded by happier days.
For such a fair promise I've waited in duty
Now my pulses may cease, and my heart may grow cold:
Friends all of wine, and of glory and beauty,
Give a smile and a cheer to my song though I'm old.

J. FRANCIS HITCHMAN.

HEAVILY HIT.

By VALERIE ST. JAMES.

CHAPTER XIV. INTO THE WEB.

SCARCELY had the excitement attendant upon the Anniversary Tea of the Buddibourne Working-man's Lyceum died away, than another such festive occasion broke over the Town. Not, perhaps, an anniversary, but an event still more interesting, the birth-day of a new Working-man's Institution. Not an institution either: this was it: On a dull November night, after dark, a handful of operatives assembled together, in a room in the lower flat of a disused warehouse, near the locality of Jerker's Bents. This room was not of a prepossessing appearance. Its walls were whitewashed, and the low roof was

supported on several wooden posts. A rude counter stood near the door, which, as well as the windows, was closed against the view of passers by. One or two barrels and boxes, such as are to be seen in many grocery shops, lay about unopened; one or two ranges of tin canisters, on ornamented side shelves; besoms and brooms hung on the near posts, and in a word, everything indicated the material in rough of an humble general store.

There were, perhaps, about twenty workmen present; earnest looking men for the most part, with a good deal of mind beneath their working exterior. It was a birthday meeting, but the preparations were not so festive as those at the Lyceum. There was no Poccables; not a solitary Reverend; no Polypus; no quadrille band; no Scritcher; no tea,—save, indeed, unexplored canisters of that refreshing leaf; but there was a chairman, elevated, for the nonce, on a flour barrel, in the person of George Heath. The remainder were disposed upon boxes, or whatever was found suitable, in the absence of proper seats. George Heath, that night, was filled with an enthusiastic joy. That meeting inaugurated to him, his career of reforming, and helping on his class; it was the first advance over the rubicon, into the territory of Capital. He rose to address his comrades, with an almost tremulous earnestness in his voice. They were perhaps, not so enthusiastic, so visionary, as their chairman, but they could not but be moved by his earnestness—that magnificent heart-opener, which is given to the true teachers of the world, and to the true only.

"Fellow workmen," said George,—"You know as well as I do why we are met here together to-night, and I would not, therefore, go over our past labours, if I did not want to say something more than merely describing an undertaking. Our first meeting, as many of you know, took place this time twelve months since, and it was held upon a door-step belonging to one of our members. That was a hard time, fellow workmen, as we all recollect—high prices, and no corresponding rise in wages; and then came a strike, making everything ten times worse. This drove me, as it has driven many of you, to turn over in my mind what could be done to enable the working-man to live in a little more security—to live, knowing where his dinner, next week, was to come from, as well as his dinner to-day. Oh! my friends, have we not all felt, when hard put to it, that we live with an eternal soul and body destroying future? Nothing secure, nothing ordinarily certain, and the chances all against us. We had tried plans before then—all of us, I dare say—Savings-Banks, Benefit Societies, and the like of them. But, comrades, we had found, that, whilst they were productive of much good, they were yet unable to make our position much better. The little sums we put into the Savings Bank produced but small interest—so that the Bank acted merely as a refuge for stray pence, which might have found their way, mayhap, to the ale-house. That was, so far, so good, but it was not enough for the working-man; and it was just the same with Benefit Societies. They did not go far enough, and many of their rules were felt to be stringent, or hard, upon a member, who was in extra-bad circumstances. They didn't do so much for us as we could wish. This was our experience, fellow-workmen, not to mention the difficulties and struggles that met us in our homes. We were paying in many instances actually more for the necessities of life than our neighbours of the higher classes, who could afford to buy in large quantities at one time, and thus secure a certain rate of wholesale discount. But I need not go over these circumstances very closely, for they were the common condition of us all, and will be the state of mechanics to the eternities, if we don't submit to it as in time past. Where is the strength and competency?

Wherein lies the power of the capitalist but in his capital? He can command, and so can any one who has money in proportion to his wants, whatever is in the market, and upon the most advantageous terms. He is in a position to bargain—to regulate prices—to get full value for his money. But this previous privilege has been all one-sided—the working man has never enjoyed its influences. Buying in small quantities, and unable to resist exaction, the operative is denied the chance of economy, according to the usual system; and thus the first means of all improvement, social—ay! moral and religious improvement, my fellow-workers, as well as bodily—namely,—savings from his necessary outlay week by week,—are all but impossible to him. With every wish to lay by for a rainy day, it often happens, he cannot—a hard case, but not without remedy.

"I have seen a vision, my fellow workmen, which has brightened up my wearied rest, after a day of toil. I have heard voices of encouragement singing anthems to me in the whirr of the power-looms; call me what you like, you know I mean what I say, and I tell you, working-men of Buddibourne, there is strength in the morning yet to come, and it will rise with healing on its wings. The angel that I saw was Unity, that unity which is strength; and the voices that I heard sang to me the words, "Combine, combine." This is the fetter that has galled us; that we have not combined in the old past of want and crime. I don't mean, comrades, that combination which I see you refer to—a strike for compelling our masters to hear us—God knows it's our only weapon—but that's not what I mean just now. Is there no combination but for purposes of compulsion,—no union but for a fatal exercise of its strength? Yes! a thousand times, yes! there is, and our meeting here to-night assures me of the truth of what I say.

"When, a year ago, on Graveley's door-step, we talked over a plan of a co-operative general store, we did not see our way towards realising our scheme. But we tried it, nevertheless, and, glorious end of trying, we have succeeded. There is more to-night in my heart, fellow-workmen, than a feeling that, in future, we will be able to buy our groceries cheaper than at the retail shops. Who knows but that from this flour barrel may spring a competence in the years to come when, tired and worn on the grindstone of life, we lay our tools aside; or that this bare room with its handful of goods may procure domestic happiness to many of us in this world, and, I say it with all fear, salvation in the next? Yes! comrades, too long have good people, who knew not the state in which the working-classes live, poured their new wine into old bottles. First make our homes the homes of human beings, then tell us how to keep them.

"But I am not keeping to the point I set out from. We have by saving up a few pence from week to week, through the past year, managed to rent this place we are in, and purchase these few things for a start with. They're all common enough—but, they are our own, and that is one grand principle which we have, right and healthy. What's more, they are good, and we can afford to sell them to members at a much less rate than they could buy the same articles at in other shops. And we have determined to work the establishment ourselves at first—this is well done, and doubtless we shall have our reward. So far there is nothing new, but we have gone further. What has been the experience, my comrades, of those men who have belonged to successful stores or societies such as the one we are now setting a-going? Why, that, generally speaking, when they received dividends from the profits of their society, they just looked upon them as a kind of windfall, and spent them accordingly. Now, my fellow-workmen, I ask you what is an occasional



THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

JUST PUBLISHED PRICE 10s. 6d.

VERBODEN AND RESPONSES FOR ADVENT AND LENT

Composed by C. EDWIN WELLS

Organist and Director of the Choir of the Foundling Hospital and All Saints Church, London

HYMNS FOR ADVENT

HYMNS FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR

HYMNS FOR LENT

PART I.

HYMNS FOR LENT

PART II.

By Messrs. J. & W. G. B. TAYLOR, LONDON, PRINTED BY

CHRISTOPHER EDWIN WELLS

Organist and Director of the Choir of the Foundling Hospital and All Saints Church, London

LONDON: CRAMER & CO. LIMITED, 301, REGENT STREET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

THE LANCET

The Musical Monthly.

THE MUSIC EDITED BY VINCENT WALLACE.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

APRIL 1, 1865.

(Right of Translation reserved.)

LE BON VIEILLARD. (BÉRANGER)

Children of pleasure! whom Bacchus assembles,
You who've attracted me here by your songs,
True I am old, it is true my voice trembles,
List ye the lay that to old age belongs.
Of the days long gone by I will bring you the story,
How in old times I've drunk with great Panard the bold:
Friends all of wine, and of beauty and glory,
Give a smile and a cheer to my song now I'm old.

Ah, ah! how you all press around! Would you feast me?
How the generous wine to your glasses has sprung!
You have driven away the vain fear that possessed me,
Lest the sight of my old age should sadden the young.
May Time as he goes by but add to the story
Of joy and of pleasure, of love and of gold:
Friends all of wine, and of beauty and glory,
Give a smile and a cheer to my song though I'm old.

Like you, I've received oft caresses the sweetest—
Your grand-dames can tell if I knew how to please,
I had friends, I'd a mistress, I'd mansions the greatest,
They have left me alone with such poor rags as these:
But Memory of all still adheres to her duty,
Though I sigh as by her of past glories I'm told:
Friends all of wine, and of glory and beauty,
Give a smile and a cheer to my song though I'm old.

Of my wealth, our political discords bereft me,
Yet our country, our France, I've ne'er quitted at all,
In the few drops of wine that my troubles have left me,
No false pride can mingle one foul drop of gall:
At the vintage I've sung on the hills that were mine once,
Though another has bought them with alien gold:
Friends all of beauty and glory and wine, once
More deign to smile on my song though I'm old.

Though companion long years back of soldiers who fought
well,
It is not as Nestor, to you I would speak;
Could I change, I should reckon indeed I had bought well
One day of your youth with my old age so weak.
By all that I love most I swear that the story
Of what you have done makes my worn heart grow bold:
Friends all of wine, and of beauty and glory,
Give a smile and a cheer to my song though I'm old.

From your virtues, my children, what future shall spring
forth—
Let us pledge your last love with the brightest of lays;
For our liberty's born, and her praise you shall sing forth,
While my grave shall be gilded by happier days.
For such a fair promise I've waited in duty
Now my pulses may cease, and my heart may grow cold:
Friends all of wine, and of glory and beauty,
Give a smile and a cheer to my song though I'm old.

J. FRANCIS HITCHMAN.

HEAVILY HIT.

By VALERIE ST. JAMES.

CHAPTER XIV.

INTO THE WEB.

SCARCELY had the excitement attendant upon the Anniversary Tea of the Buddibourne Working-man's Lyceum died away, than another such festive occasion broke over the Town. Not, perhaps, an anniversary, but an event still more interesting, the birth-day of a new Working-man's Institution. Not an institution either: this was it: On a dull November night, after dark, a handful of operatives assembled together, in a room in the lower part of a disused warehouse, near the locality of Jerker's Rents. This room was not of a prepossessing appearance. Its walls were whitewashed, and the low roof was

supported on several wooden posts. A rude counter stood near the door, which, as well as the windows, was closed against the view of passers by. One or two barrels and boxes, such as are to be seen in many grocery shops, lay about unopened; one or two ranges of tin canisters, on ornamented side shelves; besoms and brooms hung on the near posts, and in a word, everything indicated the material in rough of an humble general store.

There were, perhaps, about twenty workmen present; earnest looking men for the most part, with a good deal of mind beneath their working exterior. It was a birthday meeting, but the preparations were not so festive as those at the Lyceum. There was no Ponceables; not a solitary Reverend; no Polypus; no quadrille band; no Scritcher; no tea,—save, indeed, unexplored canisters of that refreshing leaf; but there was a chairman, elevated, for the nonce, on a flour barrel, in the person of George Heath. The remainder were disposed upon boxes, or whatever was found suitable, in the absence of proper seats. George Heath, that night, was filled with an enthusiastic joy. That meeting inaugurated to him, his career of reforming, and helping on his class; it was the first advance over the rubicon, into the territory of Capital. He rose to address his comrades, with an almost tremulous earnestness in his voice. They were perhaps, not so enthusiastic, so visionary, as their chairman, but they could not but be moved by his earnestness—that magnificent heart-opener, which is given to the true teachers of the world, and to the true only.

"Fellow workmen," said George,—"You know as well as I do why we are met here together to-night, and I would not, therefore, go over our past labours, if I did not want to say something more than merely describing an undertaking. Our first meeting, as many of you know, took place this time twelve months since, and it was held upon a door-step belonging to one of our members. That was a hard time, fellow workmen, as we all recollect—high prices, and no corresponding rise in wages; and then came a strike, making everything ten times worse. This drove me, as it has driven many of you, to turn over in my mind what could be done to enable the working-man to live in a little more security—to live, knowing where his dinner, next week, was to come from, as well as his dinner to-day. Oh! my friends, have we not all felt, when hard put to it, that we live with an eternal soul and body destroying future? Nothing secure, nothing ordinarily certain, and the chances all against us. We had tried plans before then—all of us, I dare say—Savings-Banks, Benefit Societies, and the like of them. But, comrades, we had found, that, whilst they were productive of much good, they were yet unable to make our position much better. The little sums we put into the Savings Bank produced but small interest—so that the Bank acted merely as a refuge for stray pence, which might have found their way, mayhap, to the ale-house. That was, so far, so good, but it was not enough for the working-man; and it was just the same with Benefit Societies. They did not go far enough, and many of their rules were felt to be stringent, or hard, upon a member, who was in extra-bad circumstances. They didn't do so much for us as we could wish. This was our experience, fellow-workmen, not to mention the difficulties and struggles that met us in our homes. We were paying in many instances actually more for the necessities of life than our neighbours of the higher classes, who could afford to buy in large quantities at one time, and thus secure a certain rate of wholesale discount. But I need not go over these circumstances very closely, for they were the common condition of us all, and will be the state of mechanics to the eternities, if we do not submit to it as in time past. Where is the strength and competency?

Wherein lies the power of the capitalist but in his capital? He can command, and so can any one who has money in proportion to his wants, whatever is in the market, and upon the most advantageous terms. He is in a position to bargain—to regulate prices—to get full value for his money. But this previous privilege has been all one-sided—the working man has never enjoyed its influences. Buying in small quantities, and unable to resist exaction, the operative is denied the chance of economy, according to the usual system; and thus the first means of all improvement, social—ay! moral and religious improvement, my fellow-workers, as well as bodily—namely,—savings from his necessary outlay week by week,—are all but impossible to him. With every wish to lay by for a rainy day, it often happens, he cannot—a hard case, but not without remedy.

"I have seen a vision, my fellow workmen, which has brightened up my wearied rest, after a day of toil. I have heard voices of encouragement singing anthems to me in the whirr of the power-looms; call me what you like, you know I mean what I say, and I tell you, working-men of Buddibourne, there is strength in the morning yet to come, and it will rise with healing on its wings. The angel that I saw was Unity, that unity which is strength; and the voices that I heard sang to me the words, "Combine, combine." This is the fetter that has galled us; that we have not combined in the old past of want and crime. I don't mean, comrades, that combination which I see you refer to—a strike for compelling our masters to hear us—God knows it's our only weapon—but that's not what I mean just now. Is there no combination but for purposes of compulsion,—no union but for a fatal exercise of its strength? Yes! a thousand times, yes! there is, and our meeting here to-night assures me of the truth of what I say.

"When, a year ago, on Graveley's door-step, we talked over a plan of a co-operative general store, we did not see our way towards realising our scheme. But we tried it, nevertheless, and, glorious end of trying, we have succeeded. There is more to-night in my heart, fellow-workmen, than a feeling that, in future, we will be able to buy our groceries cheaper than at the retail shops. Who knows but that from this flour barrel may spring a competence in the years to come when, tired and worn on the grindstone of life, we lay our tools aside; or that this bare room with its handful of goods may procure domestic happiness to many of us in this world, and, I say it with all fear, salvation in the next? Yes! comrades, too long have good people, who knew not the state in which the working-classes live, poured their new wine into old bottles. First make our homes the homes of human beings, then tell us how to keep them.

"But I am not keeping to the point I set out from. We have by saving up a few pence from week to week, through the past year, managed to rent this place we are in, and purchase these few things for a start with. They're all common enough—but, they are our own, and that is one grand principle which we have, right and healthy. What's more, they are good, and we can afford to sell them to members at a much less rate than they could buy the same articles at in other shops. And we have determined to work the establishment ourselves at first—this is well done, and doubtless we shall have our reward. So far there is nothing new, but we have gone further. What has been the experience, my comrades, of those men who have belonged to successful stores or societies such as the one we are now setting a-going? Why, that, generally speaking, when they received dividends from the profits of their society, they just looked upon them as a kind of windfall, and spent them accordingly. Now, my fellow-workmen, I ask you what is an occasional



"spree" as it is called, in comparison with a Policy of Life Assurance, superannuation allowance, sick money and funeral expenses, all which might have been secured to the working-man who belonged to a paying Society, had the dividends been properly invested? This is the new feature which we have agreed to introduce into our store, and the merits of which we shall try.

"Courage, honest, well-founded courage, is wanted. Many will jeer at our attempts, and try to turn us from our path. The shopkeepers will not be pleased with our interference with their interests, and will mock this imitation shop. But, as I am determined, so I trust also you are, to try the result of what union will do, in a new direction. Long enough have we trusted in, and waited for the 'Good time coming'—let us bring it in ourselves—and cheerily too, as we would do the birth of a new year which we hope to be a happier than the last."

George stopped, and there was a dead silence. Not that they did not think much of his speech; but it was a solemn occasion with them,—a matter for reflection and not ruffling noisily and emptily.

A stray vagabond outside would knock ironically at the closed door, and then his footstep would be heard retreating down the bye-street. A small insult,—unheeded by men consulting as earnestly as the Senatus Romanus when Lars Porcenna at Clusium was marching against the Eternal City. But against their homes was daily marching a mightier than Lars Porcenna—Want.

At length, Allan Leslie, who was present, addressed the Society in his slow, cautious style, which had immense weight with the "southern loons."

"Weel," said Leslie, "I must say I've gone into the thing advisedly, and if it does na turn oot as successful as we could like, I hae mysel' to blame. An' I'll let you know what enquiry I made afore that I joined in the speculation—for it's nothing more at present. Ye hae heard from the chairman that the rich can command better value for their money than a puir man can for his; it's verra true, and it's just the same wi' benefit societies, as wi' buying his tea or his coal. Whaur the puir hae their benefit societies, the rich hae their assurance offices, and I maun say they hae the best o' the bargain."

Mr. Leslie paused, extracted the snuff box from the invariable blue dress coat with the brass buttons, and resumed, after a sedate pinch:

"Noo what we're going to bring as ye hae been tell't, is to make an assurance office o' our ain, and join it wi' the store, devoting the profits, if any, to life assurance. Thus, instead o' paying an annual premium, like the gentry, o' a lock pounds, we would be getting assured wi'out ever noticing the payments. But, afore we can assure, we bid to have custom—if the store does na pay, say we can't devote the profit to a benefit fund. It's a pheesycal impossibility."

At this point another partner evinced a wish to say something. He was not intellectual to look at—a hard-featured working-man—but no doubt he had one golden grain of experience to contribute to the meeting, and was anxious to do so, lest somehow or another it might pass from him. Mr. Allan Leslie graciously deferred; and accordingly the golden grain was contributed. In this fashion—

"I onst belonged to a Co-operative Store. We wor called th' Bridlegate Mut'l Pi-neers, and sold an kind o' things. We made a big beginnin', we did, an' had a grand shop an' paid shopmen. Arter we'd a-gone on about a year, we found the consarn didnt pay its way—worn't enough o' customers—not near. Some o' our members, too, they didn't buy at th' store. So we had a meetin', an' they passed a lor for to make an the members buy at the store, willy-nilly. An' there wor a terrible rumpus, an' we au split. That wor the hist'ry o' th' Bridlegate Mut'l's."

This reminiscence was productive of a mixed conversation in which the failure of Co-operative Stores was touched upon according to the experience of the speakers. Indeed such societies seemed to have been anything but successful, from the histories which were given by various workmen, who had been connected with mutual benefit stores in times past.

"It was na verra wonderfu', Green," said Mr. Leslie to the late Mut'l from Bridlegate, "that your establishment went doon, an' I suspek it'll be muckle the same wi' the rest. First of all, your git a gran' shop, wi' laddies—paid laddies—and stockit full, I suppose. Weel, you never thoct first what demand there was likly to be? Just that!—weel, the goods didna gang

off sae fast as you could hae wished, and the members got desperited very naturally, and even didna buy from their ain store sometimes. That was a bad sign that, I maun say. But it was worse policy still, to try and force folk into custom—that'll no dae at all, even in a Mut'l Society. Free-trade, an' let the best succeed. Now, Green, if ye had creipt afore ye gaed, it would hae been better for your store. Faith, we hae na split on that rock" (Allan surveyed the place with a grim smile), "and I'm thinkin' we'll no' hae to regret it either. What we hae to do is to keep what we do keep, guid; and preserve a calm soug'h."

Another working man desired to tell a little bit of his mind at that moment. He'd been a good customer at a certain grocery in Ruddibourne for seven years and better, and all he had ever got in the way of discount had been a pound of raisins and almonds at Christmas; and he put it to his friends present whether they would have a sick allowance, sums at death, and so on, or a pound of raisins at Yule-time? Question carried unanimously against the plum-pudding ingredients; on which the speaker rather acutely remarked that if such was the feeling there could be no doubt what shop members would patronise, and as little, but that their numbers would increase.

George Heath then asked Leslie, who was the arithmetic of the young co-operation, to give the meeting some idea of assurance rates. This Allan was quite prepared to do from the tables of various Assurance Offices, and drew such marvellous results from the pennies saved out of the purchases to be made at their store, that it seemed to every one but George a mere fairy tale. And then, to think of the proud satisfaction which in after-life they would enjoy, of having themselves been the authors of their good fortune! No patrons with donations, or mythic members with unsatisfied subscriptions—nobody but themselves.

"It only remains now," said George, "to see who will open the shop, to begin with, to-morrow night. We have fixed, as you know, to keep it open only at nights, so that we can attend to it ourselves, and to give our services in turns for the common good."

An animated discussion took place, as to who were to have the first trial of shopkeeping, and eventually it was settled that Leslie and another were to try their hand at selling, and keeping books for the Society. The great object then was to get the store started, and establish their feet firmly. After that the splendid fairy tales were to begin: meanwhile, there was work, work, before them, and as a partner candidly expressed to a friend, "more kicks than ha'pence."

Had any respectable shopkeeper been favoured by a glimmering view of that sprinkling view of mechanics in their toil-dusted jackets (there were a brace from the dye works, coloured like Cherokee Indians—but it was their war-paint in the battle of life), counselling together in the murky, misty, and dreary warehouse, resting on suspicious-looking barrels, the chances are that such a shopkeeper would have immediately pronounced them to be, not an intending Assurance Company, but a diabolical set of conspirators a-goin' for to blow up something. And, master respectable shopkeeper, take heed to thyself and thy shop; mayhaps the train leads below thy till, rich with its heavy percentages. Such was the birthday meeting of the Ruddibourne Pioneer Store, an event not to be narrated in the same breath with the Anniversary Tea of the Working Man's Lyceum of that prosperous town.

After some more preliminary business, the partners separate, taking each his way to his home, where he will sit by the fireside all the evening, heedless of his good wife's enquiries as to his health, and dreaming such dreams as the working man scarcely ever has to solace a weary hour. Would that every hope and aspiration of the heart were as legitimate!

The lower part of No. 13, Spicer Street, where George Heath inhabited, was an Easy Shaving Establishment, in which Jeremiah King scraped chins and violins (the latter for amusement), from early morn till advanced evening. Jeremiah was bent, as to body, in five or six various directions, and was one of those good little enthusiasts, in whom the love of some gentle art, music in this case, is instilled, so that the world may scoff and jeer at the informal body, but can never extinguish the flame within. He was a gentle creature, and played most vily on fiddles of his own making. Many a time did he beguile the easy-natured George into his place of business, and there perform doleful music, much to his own delectation, whilst his listener beat imaginary time with his head, thereby gaining the heart of the musical Barber.

"She's been here never so often and's gone." This intelligence proceeded from the Barber, who had noticed George passing by his open door.

"Who's been, Gherkin?" (this, short for Jeremiah King)—asked George, a little at sea.

"Why she's been, of course. The lady—really I forget her name—her as you was going round with among the sick folks."

"Oh! Mrs. Venning?"

"Yes—Mrs. Venning—to be sure—I'll forget my own name next. She said to me—I was a-playing in the shop with the door open"—(was it that Gherkin wanted the grand lady to hear his copy of Guarnerius in an extra-dolorous air)—"she says, I'll call back on him, says she. I told her you never was out very late."

"Thank'ee, Gherkin."

"So she'll not be long. I s'pose it's some sick case again—ah! she's a hexcellent woman is Mrs. Venning. Now I was thinking, if you'd just step in here till she comes, I would let you hear a pur-ity thing."

"—No, thank'ee—not just now, I'll perhaps come in afterwards," said George, wondering what in the wide world his old patient wanted with him so late at night. "Sick folks? no, no, that had passed. Had it not been a cure, then? Was the old trouble falling again on her spirits?" He felt a dread for her, as he went up-stairs to wait, sitting, book in hand, over his wee fire to pass the time.

At length she came, heralded first of all by a vain flourish from Gherkin's Cremona, then by her own timid rap on the door. George opened it, and she entered, dressed in dark winter stuff, with a thick lace veil, which she threw back from her white face as she came into the room.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," said George, setting a chair for her, which she accepted with a bend of her beautiful neck, "I was out at a meeting when you called. If I had known, Ma'am, I might have saved you the trouble of coming down at all."

It was a chill night—foggy cold, bone-saturating with vapourous influence; wherefore Mrs. Venning shivered under her thick-folded dress.

"I—I—was anxious to see you about two or three matters," she said, looking askance the while; "and, as Mr. Venning is not at home to-night, I thought I would drive into Ruddibourne and find you out."

George, with his English might and main, tried to believe that it was merely a charitable whim, but there was still in an odd nook of his brain a dreary flutter of doubt, which he could not release.

"Nothing has been yet heard of Susan."

"Nothing—it's supposed she has tramped with her child to some of the big towns, expecting to find work there."

"Poor Susan!"

There was a dead pause. She asked some more questions about poor families where she had visited, in a vague forced way. The minutes were creeping on: George measured the strokes of his heart against the on-coming crisis, whatsoever it might be. It must soon be here, he thought.

"You have not much of a home here," she said, looking round George's scanty room, plenished with little beyond a few utensils, and a row or two of books. "Do you look on to a more domesticated scene than this?"

"I do, ma'am; and jif God spares me, the home I long for is not far off."

A pause; the time was quickly flying; a fact indeed meted out by the tune upon slow tune of Gherkin harmoniously scraping below.

"You have been alone all your life, have you not?"

"Nearly, Ma'am. I was left an orphan when I was but a boy. I don't recollect my mother. My father killed himself with drink, and was brought home one night, that I see now, all dripping from his death-fall, drunk, into the river below the bridge. I have an older sister. She married soon after my father's death. I lived with them a year or two, but have chiefly been all alone."

"It is not good for one to be all alone. I—I—too—have lead a solitary life."

It must be coming. She was nerving herself, and George waited with a beating heart, lest the news should be ill.

"I have something to ask of you," she said, quickly, a flush staining her face with crimson; "you can be of much service to me. I know I can ask you to be my friend, for I have read you closely when we were so much together before. In a word, I require a considerable sum of money for a—a—certain purpose—a chari-

table purpose—and it so happens, I cannot ask my husband for it. Indeed, it is a matter of importance to me,—how I need not explain—that Mr. Venning should know nothing about it at all. Such things, you must be aware, do occur occasionally. Now I do not happen at the moment I require the money to have it by me, and in the emergency I have come to the resolution to obtain the amount necessary, on the security of some of my jewellery. I need not say that it would be very awkward—any transaction of this kind—in Ruddibourne—nay, it would be impossible. What I wish, therefore, is that you should act as my agent in the matter, and take my jewellery with you to Hazelton-cum-Wychlie, where you could easily manage the transaction. That is all, and indeed, indeed, I will take it as a lasting favour." Very earnest by this time—throwing off the flimsy disguise of charity and so forth, much the same way as she had cast aside her shrouding veil when she came in first of all.

George did not speak for a while. Charitable purpose! he knew, although she did not guess his knowledge, what the purpose was. Poor weak woman, he thought; and has it come to this, that your very sister threatens you and extorts money from you; oh vain, heartless, world—full of recoil!

"You will some day marry a sweet girl—I will love her—I will come often to your home, and thank you for the service once rendered me."

Awfully earnest now: the charitable purpose must indeed have been very pressing, that Mrs. Venning should so plead with a workman in her husband's mill. Oh, beautiful charity, which will make a woman so humble and so fervid!

"I have no one in the world to act as my friend. When I thought over whom I might ask, you only occurred to my mind. The solitary to the solitary—you know what it is, and will help me, will you not?"

"I will do what you ask, Ma'am," answered George, with that quiet tone which is the calm of the heart-tempest. "I do not seek to know more than what you've told me. I'd gladly do anything in my power to help you. When will I go to Hazelton?"

"As soon as you can. Perhaps to-morrow night; there are plenty of trains after six o'clock."

Hazelton-cum-Wychlie was a considerable market-town, about seven miles from Ruddibourne by rail.

"I have brought the—the—things," hesitated Mrs. Venning, disengaging some articles from her pocket. "Being an emergency"—

These were a little gold watch and chain; a costly bracelet; and a ring or two. Tokens of amity—pledges of love; to be exchanged for quiet of mind. It was like a barbarian ransom in the old times.

"I do not know," she said, "the exact value of these baubles. I want to get fifty pounds on them—they are worth at least far more than that. I will soon be able to reclaim them—only just at present I must make use of them."

George gathered the *bijouterie* up, and locked it away in his cupboard; quite silently, for his heart was exceeding sorrowful.

"I will go to-morrow night Ma'am, to Hazelton, whenever I get down from the mill."

"Oh, George," said Mrs. Venning, almost tearfully, "this is indeed noble of you: what a brave-hearted friend you can be."

No answering look or speech from the Chairman, lately so enthusiastic, of the Ruddibourne Pioneers. For George, albeit he had walked only in the valley of low life, knew well the value of such applause. Give a shilling to a waiter—you are a gentleman; or assistance, no matter how questionable, to those plunged over head and ears in the consequences of their own folly or wickedness, and you are noble and of a transcendent generosity of soul. True friendship, judicious charity, are seldom to be rightly measured by the gratitude they evoke; else were this world scantily furnished with these virtues.

George accompanied Mrs. Venning to the place where she had left her poney-chaise in charge, then returned, troubled with what he had done. Inevitable power of mystery, winding like a spider's web, involving deeper and deeper; George, knowing the secret woe of poor Mrs. Venning, and disallowing in his straightforward soul her cause for rejecting her sister, had permitted himself to be entangled in the same maze. Had he been ignorant of Mrs. Venning's motive for obtaining money on her jewellery, George might have staunchly refused to have any hand in what was at best an extraordinary piece of conduct on the part of the rich millowners' wife; but, as it was, he could not, for the

heart of him, refuse the earnest sorrow of the wandering woman—more astray perhaps than her sister.

Gherkin was lying in wait against George's return; and succeeded, that subtle violinist, in dragging him into his room. There, George was deposited on the chair of custom, in a corner; and Gherkin, ferociously whetting his bow on the rosin, proceeded for a long hour, to grind shrill melancholy out of a well-worn Preceptor into his visitor's soul. And George, at every century of bars, would say, mildly, "very good." At which, Gherkin gathering new vigor, turned over a fresh leaf.

CHAPTER XV.

SYLPH SPINS A YARN.

The parish church of Ruddibourne, built on a green mound rising high above the level of the surrounding streets, was a very ugly temple of Christianity. It was not a spoil of the Papistrie, and lacked the middle-age beauty which church masonry long ago was renowned for. It was built somewhat in the shape of a grain-barn with a huge square tower at one end. There was a tradition amongst the churchwardens that the church was incomplete, for that a spire had been originally intended to shoot from the square turret into the blue; but no steps were taken to complete the structure according to the teaching of the legend, which was a golden one, and involved expense. The green banks of the churchyard were speckled, daisy-like, with white gravestones, and here and there an anchorite tree waved its shadow against the martyr-painted windows.

Once upon a time, the church had been surrounded by fields of yellow corn; but commerce and wealth came, and the *antenne*-like streets shot out, clapping round the island-knoll with its sacred house. Inside was but little ornament, save the marble records of extra-good managers and rich folks. One old squire supposed to be an early Cantre, prayed in strong repose on his back, placed in a side niche by the western wall.

The afternoon service was over. Three o'clock was striking on the cracked church bell above. The Rev. Mr. Paul had blessed the thin congregation,—lamentably recruited from the working classes it must be noticed; Master Jones had woke up in obedience to an ominous pinch from Mrs. Ptolemy; Gherkin had sung his last part in the service, and the organ was booming out the concluding voluntary, with the shrillest of shrill fifteenth stops let on to increase the volume of sound. It was a cold December day, and the church was sluggish with the heat of stoves, which, it may be remarked, are occasionally conducive to animal comfort and at the same time subversive of Christian attention to the service.

Mabel Osyth was at church, and so was George; not to make love to each other there, however, for nothing could have been more detestable to either of them than to carry their little carnalities before the horns of God's Altar—as many do. Mabel was, as usual, neatly dressed, and looked fascinating in the bracing December atmosphere. Her father wasn't present; being his custom, defended on the score of practice, of a Sunday afternoon to fall asleep in his high-backed chair by the fire. A drowsy reverencing of the Lord's Sabbath which He scarcely admits as "observing this day to keep it holy."

They had arranged to go, that afternoon, for a long walk to the Eyrie. This determination on the part of George, little abroad in the week-day sunshine, was to be excused by strict Sabbatarians, who nevertheless would have infinitely preferred the working-man to remain in his close little room, communing with good books. Instead of keeping up the hill-road, George and Mabel, after crossing the bridge, struck into a by-path leading through ploughed fields, patches of gay green turnips and clumps of wood, finally emerging on a strip of downs which lay round the headlands on the coast. By and bye, the even white of the shore was broken by the bed of the creek, and the wooded heights towered above.

The afternoon was going down over the Sea-Mill, and Sylph was sitting on his wonted bench on the sandstone terrace reading his Bible. The Parrot sitting Sabbatically grave on the window sill, was the first to perceive Mabel and George coming up the steep ascent; and announced the fact, after rocking himself backwards and forwards a little, by declaring in a self-satisfied croak:—

"Poll's the King's Trumpeter!"

Disregarding the importance of this regal appointment, which was wound up by a spirited but mistaken

attempt to imitate a trumpet-call, Sylph laid down his Bible, took off his spectacles (which he invariably did when he wanted to see very distinctly), and advanced to the top of the path, where a few rude steps were cut in the soft sandstone.

"Here we are again, Sylph!" panted Mabel, a little out of breath, placing her neat little foot with a clap on the terrace and shaking her dress well out;—"such a pull up to be sure. And all to see Old Sylph!"

They were all friends. Sylph was as fond of them as if they were his own flesh and blood.

"Come away, my children!" cried the ancient mariner, shaking George by the hand, and patting Mabel on the back. "Come along, and bring yourselves to an anchor."

"We can't stay very long," observed George, as they sat down, leaning on the turfen wall. "See, the shadows are all muddling into twilight! Besides, they'll think I have carried Mabel off altogether."

Mabel laughed merrily at the idea, which so aggravated Polly, wishful to join the party, who had, as yet, taken not the least notice of him, that he screamed out, in an agony of insulted importance, "Polly, Polly, Polly, put the kettle on," flapping his wings desperately the while.

"A capital idea!" cried Mabel. "What a dear Poll! pretty Poll, pretty Poll, to suggest such a thing! Won't you give us our tea, Sylph? I declare it would do me a great deal of good, and I'll set the things!"

"Avast, let's see!" said Sylph, giving the orthodox hitch of doubt to his canvass trousers, "Belay a moment, Mabel. I'm one"—

"Certainly," interrupted Mabel, who was in exuberant spirits, "but don't you think you should begin with the ladies? Ah! you dear old Sylph, I wish you weren't so old. I was only joking about tea, we're going off directly—long before your kettle would boil. Just see! George, if Sylph hasn't been reading his Bible," taking up the ancient mariner's book, which was lying on the bench, "learning all about the Ark and the big fish Leviathan, and yet," continued Mabel, gravely, and pinching George, who was inertly admiring his handsome sweetheart, "and yet—Oh! it is dreadful in a Christian land—he doesn't know what Jonah's whale did."

To impugn Sylph's maritime acquaintance with Scripture was a terrible offence, and Mabel knew it.

"Not he," she added, with a deep sigh, "Sylph does not know what the whale did, after it landed Jonah."

Now, it so happened that Sylph, although he had read the history of that identical transaction over and over again, was a little confused about the exact way of it. But would he confess complete ignorance of the only authentic bottle-nose in all Scripture? Perish the thought!

"Avast there!" said Sylph, getting all his tacks and sheets abroad for a regular cruise into the regions of speculation, "you hold on a bit—I know fine what the whale said."

"What the whale said?" repeated George, with suppressed glee. As for Mabel, she was waiting with intense delight for Sylph's version.

"In course," replied the veteran, with a feeling of relief, that his tormentors did not know themselves; "what the whale said, arter he had backed tau' sails, and put Jonah ashore."

"Well!" ejaculated both his auditors, with their interest wrought up to the highest point.

"You see," continued Sylph, canting over his glazed hat, "the whale, arter he put Jonah ashore, says he"—

"Poll's the King's Trumpeter," shrieked the Parrot, regardless of consequences.

"No, it did'nt neither," remarked Sylph, to his feathered friend, in a tone of rebuke, clearly conveying his opinion, that Poll, at least, ought to have known better.

"Well, but Sylph, what *did* it say?" Mabel was getting quite impatient.

"Hold on, there. I'm coming to it. Sez the whale, sez he, "'Thou art the man!'"

"Oh, Sylph, Sylph," screamed Mabel, with a shriek of delight, "who in the name of fortune did the whale say that to?"

But the ancient manner of the Eyrie felt he had been working away in a wrong course, so he stood about directly.

"Well, now," he said, "what am I a-going to say next? That warn't the same whale as you were meaning. That war another fish. Oh, I know, Jonah's whale never said nothin'."

"Ah, come now," cried Mabel, "you can't get off in

that way. Confess, Sylph, you can't tell what Jonah's whale did after he had cast him up?"

"Not know what that ere animal did?" said the old man, not in the least abashed. "Hold on, there. Avast. It lift up its v'ice—that's what Jonah's whale did—it lift up its v'ice—and wep."

"What a beautiful place this is!" said George, after the merriment consequent on Sylph's version of Scripture had abated. "After coming out of Ruddibourne streets, you won't notice it like me, Mabel. I often think that the country life must be far the happiest."

"An old, old story, George, and one with as much falsehood in it as truth," said Mabel. "Depend on it—indeed I know—there are as many heavy hearts and as much misery one way or another under the trees as under the smoke of a city."

"Ay, perhaps so. There is beautiful Nature, too, in the narrow streets," mused George, leaning on his elbow and looking out on the sea, "if we can only see it. Living, breathing, thinking men, instead of dully beautiful rocks and herbs. Choose between them? After all, give me the town. It's very well, Mabel, for you to collect your plants and range them in their order, but he who is a whole man, must go and range his own species—God knows he'll have his work before him."

Mabel drew her shawl round her with a shiver. "It's getting chilly. I'm afraid we must go, George."

"I'm afraid we must."

"Sylph, I wonder you're not frightened out of your life to stay here all night; I know I should. I wonder if there's ever been a murder committed in this cave."

"Come, Mabel," said George, "there, you'll keep Sylph from sleeping all night. He'll have to sit up by the stove, and read about Jonah till the day breaks."

Sylph was highly delighted at the idea that he, an old man-o'-war's-man, could be disturbed by such a thing as murder. The old man talked himself into a story, as he spoke of blood in solitary places.

"I rek'lect," said Sylph, lighting his pipe, which was of the dominant brown colour, and stuffing down the red-hot ashes with the point of a finger till Mabel got quite horrified, "I rek'lect, coming home from my first little cruise in the Belly-ruffin, my folks lived under the lea of Sherwood Forest, Nottingham ways. They're all stowed under hatches long ago, and I've not been there-away since. But there was a terrible thing happened the time I was cruising ashore. 'Twas in Squire Brackenbridge's grounds. There was a snug little place as ever I could wish for my last berth, where one of the Squire's woodcutters lived. Near a bit o' water it was, with a lot of trees round it, called the Beechy Crop."

"The Beechy Crop!" cried George, starting in surprise. The name was not strange to him, but he could not recall where he had heard it before.

"Ay, ay, the Beechy Crop, an' a pretty place it was, and the woodcutter he lived there. He was called Thorne, Gilbert Thorne,—our folks knowed them fine—and he had two sons. An old son and a young son."

Sylph interrupted his yarn a few minutes to smoke sententiously. George Heath was racking his memory for a clue to the Beechy Crop, but as yet with no result. It might, after all, be a fantasy. Mabel was cowering timorously by his side, with her arm through George's, and her head on his shoulder, waiting for the dark end of the sailor's story.

"The oldest boy—he was a bad lot—always a-rowing with his parents, and 'stead o' starting the young rascal with a rope's-end, they used for to humour him—as my folks told me—and at last he ran off, after kicking up a dust at home. He wor well away, if he had stayed away. But he didn't. He comed back, and some o' the villagers saw him knocking about, though he didn't make for home. But one morning, about six bells, a keeper happened for to be passing by Thomas's door, and stepped aside to give him a hail. So he rapped at the door, but there wasn't no one answered."

"Oh, dreadful," whispered Mabel, getting closer to George.

"He thought as how some of 'em might be onwell, and he just opened the door, and walked in."

Sylph paused to gain a few long whiffs of his pipe glowing ruddily in the blue haze of evening. Beechy Crop, Beechy Crop, ran wildfire-like through Heath's brain, and, in one sudden thought, he grappled and conquered the mystery. He had heard that phrase in Stebbing's room that night when he accompanied Mrs. Venning there, and found her husband alone with the old woman. Yes; that was it. The words had come on his ear, quavered from behind the pile of sacking, like a response from a cell-enshrined witch.

"He was awful skart, you may believe," continued Sylph, "when he saw old Gilbert lying dead on the deck. His head was all shivered to bits, and a bloody hatchet lay near him. Not a soul was to be seen—every mother's son of them, ay, and the old 'ooman too, had up anchor and were off. He had been killed some time afore he was discovered by the keeper."

"Well, but what of the younger boy—how old was he?" enquired Heath, terribly interested in the reminiscence of crime.

"Willie Thorne was but a lad."

"Willie, did you say?"

"Ay, ay, Willie—a lad of ten years or so. Well, they all disappeared. Folk said that the eldest son Stephen was the murderer. Most like it was. He never was seen any more, nor the mother or the other child. And to this day," concluded Sylph, tapping his extinguished pipe on the bench beside him, "I s'pose ne'er a word's been heard on them."

As often is at the end of a murder story, no one spoke for several minutes.

"Well, I declare, Sylph," cried Mabel, getting up and preparing to go, "you make me quite frightened. And you tell it so coolly, you old murdering man-o'-war's-man. Do come, George, before it gets dark."

And Mabel proceeded to tuck up her dress, seeing that the light was fading, and that it was only George. Wishing good-night to the old mariner, they were about to descend the stairway in the rock, when Sylph, recollecting something as it were, cried out,—

"I forgot to tell you I had a poor girl and her baby staying with me this week. She wor on the tramp and sore done up."

George looked at Mabel, and they said together, "Susan!"

"She slept in the cave one night, and next morning she set off again."

"Where was she going, do you know, Sylph?"

"Can't tell. She didn't know herself—got a rovin' commission, I'm afeard."

"I think that Mabel and I know who she was," answered George, "light hair, blue eyes, and wearing a greenish dress?"

"Ay, ay, my hearty—that's the craft."

"'Twas Susan surely. The poor girl, Sylph, was forced out from work and home and happiness by a drunken father. God help her! Thank'ee kindly, Sylph, for taking care of her."

"God keep her!" said Sylph, and with another good-night they parted.

As they walked up the tree-shaded mill road, and along the broad hard highway, to Oryth's cottage, the conversation turned upon Mrs. Venning. George dwelt upon her charity to the poor; her pitiful words to those who needed comfort of mind as well as body. So, Mabel, with an impulsive hopefulness of heart, drew good inferences from what she heard, and trusted that the poor lady had at length found peace.

But George had been drawn into the maze. He could not any longer give Mabel a perfect confidence. Infallible test of something wrong, when we feel we must put a padlock on our talk even, with the discreetest and dearest of friends. He could not tell her of that visit of Mrs. Venning to his humble room; of the earnest pleading for his help; of his own unresisting submission; of his journey by night to Hazelton, and, there, of his difficult task; how he had gone from one place to another, and had only effected the necessary bargain at the expense of his own self-pride, for he had been looked on as unlawfully in possession of the jewels; of his next meeting, in his room again, with Mrs. Venning; and of the feverish joy with which she had clutched the money.

When they reached the ivy-dressed cottage, the fire-light palpitated ruddy on the blind, and inside, old Martin, fast asleep, snored lustily with clasped hands and thumbs pointing upward, for all the world like the said-to-be Cantre in the western wall of the parish church.

CHAPTER XVI.

TAKING DOWN THE SHUTTERS.

ARRATED in his blue dress coat with the brass buttons, the imperturbable Mr. Leslie stood behind the desk or rather counter of the Pioneer Store, on the eventful night on which it was to be opened. His companion, an honest-featured labouring man, called Graveley, was standing in the centre of the shop surveying the preparations. These were not very magnificent or extensive. The flour-casks had been unheaded, the canisters

labelled, and in general, the little stock properly disposed for custom. The place was gently illuminated by four tallow candles placed in tin sconces on the wooden posts. The shutters were not yet taken down, and the door was barred.

A faint hurra, and the crackling of foolish laughter, came to their ears from the outside.

"There they go again," said Graveley, quietly, "let them laugh as wins. I think we'll do now."

"Wait a wee minute," replied Allan, refreshing his nostrils from the snuff-box which had always to be fished out of the furthest away pocket. "There's one or two invices I want to look at again. Och, these pur craters are verra much amused," he continued, as a fresh burst of popular delight broke in upon the quiet of the store, "it's a fine thing that some folks are easy pleased."

"They'll surely not ill-use me when I go out for to take off the shutter?" said Graveley, rather doubtful of the popular feeling. The question caused the Scot to be somewhat irate, and he replied with the old Highland blood a little rampant:

"Meddle with you! My faith, an' they would hae little to do, to gang and molest any honest man. The lowest o' the low would surely not do that. That'll no' put us aff our duty, Graveley, I s'e warrant. Just wait a wee while yet, and then open the door safely."

Outside there was a quite a gathering to witness the *début* of the new store, which had been so much canvassed amongst the working classes, for a week or two gone. Jorker's Rents was quite deserted: not a lounge with pipe in mouth and oath coming up to meet it was to be found in that choice locality. The tap-rooms of the various public houses in the neighbourhood lacked their usual assemblages, much to the disgust of the respective landlords, who anathematized co-operative stores with unanimity. Little gambling associations left their cards and dice on the beer-stained tables of low repute, and thronged to the quiet street where the store was reported to be situated. Women were there too; many with husky voices—that bad sign in woman, and bandying vulgar jests with the men; others, mere girls who, under cover of darkness, affected the vices and recklessness of those older than themselves. Amongst the working crowd might have been detected an errant shopkeeper dodging into the dark passages opposite the store, to have a quiet reconnaissance of this unlooked for movement amongst the easily driven operatives of Ruddibourne.

"Wot time does the play begin, Tom?" enquired lounge number one, airily.

"Dunno," replied lounge number two, "I s'e getting foinely tired o' stannin' here. Darn 'em, can't they open-loike."

"Here's a go," observed number three, joining the group, with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth, "I never see sich an outside—hev you—eh?"

"Number one never had—might be blowed if he had. This experience was confirmed by number two, with an oath.

"Who's a-goin' to be there t'night?"

"That sneaking old Scotchman, I b'lieve, an' somebody else—can't say who."

"Ah! Leslie. Blowed if he aint a wide-awake un. never liked these Scotchies—they're allus a-featherin' their nests."

The group was entirely of this opinion as to the habits of natives of Caledonia. There are no end of Rotten Burghs and Close Corporations among the poor. Extend the educational franchise if you would do away with them. These poor Caffres had an inherent dislike to those of their own number who did not do as they did, and a positive hatred to strangers or "furriners" like Leslie, who were a whit more inclined than the common run for a rational endeavour to better themselves.

"Wunner that Heath's not to be there," said number three, "he's got his whole fives in the pie, let alone one finger."

"A talking, preaching, psalm singing vagabond. Why, wot d'ye think?" observed number one to the circle, in a tone of astonishment and injured feelings combined, "Blessed if he didn't come and preach to our Nelly about readin' bad books and newspapers! Told her she was a-goin to rewing, hang him! Just as ef. I didn't know wot was good for the gell and what was'nt."

The rest were astonished at his—Heath's—impudence—only they know'd him, and wouldn't they have punched his 'ed for him.

"What's that you're saying agin George Heath—eh?"

cried out an abandoned looking woman with short drapery, and a triangular shawl about nine inches long round her neck, "abusin' of your betters you are—that's wot you're doing. There ain't one of you fit to hold a candle to George. You're a set of good-for-nothings—and to go swearin' at the likes o' George Heath!"

"Oh, you be blowed. Shut up," cried out her audience, devoting her likewise to future punishment. But George's champion was not so easily silenced, and was proceeding to address the street generally on the subject, shaking her clenched hand the while at Heath's disparagers, when a loud yell, mixed up of oaths, laughter and shouts, suddenly concentrated all attention upon the dark shutters of the Pioneer Store.

The door had been opened, and the pale light of the candles fell across the street, rejoicing the errant shop-keeper's heart with their feebleness. He rubbed his hands, as he stood in a dark entry, for very joy. Graveley came out and proceeded to take down the shutters, and on the dislodgement of each, a fresh hurrah burst from the spectators. There was but a poor promise seen through the little pane. Leslie could plainly be made out bending coolly over the desk, and writing as methodically as if he was in the middle of the Great Desert with nothing else to think about except his ledger. And ever as the popular excitement rose to a fever exuberance, Allan would slowly extract the snuff-box, take a pinch, and without deigning a look into the street, write on in his account books.

(To be continued.)

IN THE CONVENT.

I sign myself with the Holy Cross:
The touch of the water the priest hath blest,
Though the waves of the world may surge and toss,
Can bring my spirit rest.

The incense curls in the aisles aloft,
And they raise the Host at the silver bell;
The tones of the organ faintly soft,
And then a solemn swell.

I bend me low at the Holy Name,
And I force my lips in prayer to move,
While my cheek has a flush of tender shame
At thoughts of earthly love.

I strive to forget my prayers of old,
That the one dear face I might never miss,
That some little love might be given for gold,
My lips be worth a kiss.

The cross hangs ever upon the breast
He said was snowy as summer cloud;
The cross hangs here where his red lips press'd,
The days my heart was proud;

The cross hangs quiet, and will not stir,
For it calmeth my poor heart's sinful swell;
I bend to the Virgin, and pray to her,
And slow my beads I tell.

I fold my hands and I strive to pray;
But my thoughts go back to the sinful time:
Ah! he said my hands were too soft, one day,
And made a tender rhyme.

His voice, all music, it haunts me still;
And I hear his words in the pealing hymn:
I bow my head, and I bend my will,
And my poor eyes are dim.

Ah! vain to seek in the convent shade
Heaven's peace, when the heart is afire within;
I would that my heart at rest was laid;
I fain would hide my sin.

I'd seek my peace with the quiet dead,
And rest for ever 'neath churchyard moss.
The earth will pillow my weary head
At rest beneath the cross.

One by one do the tapers fade;
Pealeth the organ, and dies away;
Slowly I seek my cell's lone shade,
To wait another day—

Still to toss on my lonely bed,
Shaping my lips to the words of prayer.
Once my breast might have pillowed his head:
Only the cross lies there.

HENRY CLARKE.

NEEDLE AND GARDEN.

THE STORY OF A SEAMSTRESS WHO LAID DOWN HER
NEEDLE AND BECAME A STRAWBERRY GIRL.

(Written by Herself).

My experience as a seamstress thus far subjected me to mere trials of temper, or mortifications of personal pride, but never to the calamities which sometimes fall so heavily on others in a like position. Hence, while spared the latter, I was too much disposed to magnify the former: for, let our trials be few and light as they may, we are generally prone to consider them the greatest that could befall. The griefs of others, their losses, their calamities, as has often been well said, we can all bear with surprising fortitude: it is only our own that we are disposed to regard as unendurable. But in this time of discouragement there were cases brought to my notice, the severity of which fairly humbled me in the dust, filling my heart with thankfulness at the exemption extended to us, and showing me that afflictions are really great or insignificant only by comparison.

One sleety wintry night the low wail of a new-born infant was heard issuing from a bundle of ragged clothing which some poor creature had laid down on the door-step of a house in a small by-street not many squares from our own. The house was occupied in part by a man named Varick, who had a wife and several children. This man had been an industrious mechanic, but had for two years been pursuing the downward path to ruin, a confirmed victim of the bottle. He had been forced by the destitution thus brought upon himself to abandon a snug abode in a decent street for the squalor of a rickety shell in a mean locality, and was now prostrate on his bed, dying of rapid consumption. By what mysterious providence a new-born babe should thus be sent to such a man's door is beyond my comprehension. But the wife of Varick, softer of heart than its mother, took in the shivering waif, adopted it in place of one only a few weeks older, which she had buried two days previous, and resisted all urgency of the few friends she had to send it to the almshouse.

My mother had long known Mrs. Varick. She regarded her with great interest, and had frequently visited the family, watching the progress of her husband's decline, and sympathising with her in her incessant labour as a seamstress. Varick did nothing but drink,—she did nothing but work. The trials, the sufferings, the absolute privations which she underwent for two years, it would be difficult to describe. Her domestic labours, with the care of a sick husband, watching him by night as well as by day, left her little time or energy to devote to the needle. Yet she toiled unceasingly for the shops. Scanty indeed were their prices, scantier were her earnings, and scantier still the daily fare which the poor needlewoman was able to set before her children. Many times they cried themselves to sleep with hunger. I doubt not that the dying husband shared in these privations, as well as suffered for want of many comforts which his situation demanded. Strangely enough, in the midst of this accumulated misery, the woman's heart went out with an unconquerable sympathy for the foundling so unexpectedly left at her door. So far from proving an additional incumbrance, it seemed to be a positive comfort.

Hearing of the circumstance, my mother went immediately to see the family, taking me with her. They were quartered in a single large room of an old frame-house which was crowded with tenants of all descriptions. We found Varick on his bed, evidently very near his end. But, alas! the unhappy man expressed the utmost horror of dying. He made no request for spiritual aid or counsel—no mention of religion, no reference to eternity. The Saviour's name, or any allusion to the salvation which came by him, never passed his lips. Every thought was of the earth,—how to live, not how to die. I shuddered as I saw and heard him. At intervals he reached out his hand impatiently for a vial of medicine, then inquired when the doctor would come. His whole dependence was on the arm of flesh. Neither wife nor visitor ventured to direct his attention to the fact of his rapidly approaching end; for he was stubborn and repulsive. The door seemed to be shut, no more to be opened,—we could do nothing for him.

Yet while this horrible scene was passing before us, there were loud noises in the next room, penetrating the thin board partition at the head of Varick's bed. A

drunken brawl was going on, with oaths and imprecations that alarmed all but the sick man and his wife, with, now and then, a sharp pounding on the partition, as if some one's head were being violently beaten against it. Overhead, another similar disturbance occurred. Then there was a crowd of squalid faces, peering in at the windows at us; for decent visitors were rare in the depraved locality of that forlorn tenement-house. Altogether, the scene sickened, and almost frightened me.

My mother gave Mrs. Varick a basket filled with simple comforts she had brought with her; and we were about taking our leave, when the door opened, and a religious-looking man, dressed in black, entered the room, bowed to us, spoke familiarly to Mrs. Varick, and approached the bedside of the dying man. Presently he sank upon his knees, and in language most appropriate to the spiritual hardness and destitution of poor Varick, invoked the Throne of Grace in his behalf. Though the outcries and turmoil around and above were continued, yet I lost no word of this deeply affecting prayer. It touched my heart, and heightened the solemnity of the occasion. My own supplications went up, in silence, to the merciful, on behalf of the dying man. I knew that my mother's would be equally fervent; and from the reverential responses of the sobbing wife, it was clear to me that hers were not withheld.

She was standing very near to me, when the minister rose to his feet. Turning to her, he said in a low voice,—

"Madam, I perceive that you are to have a funeral here very shortly. I am an undertaker, and shall be glad to take charge of furnishing the coffin, and whatever else may be needed."

He put a card into her hand, and left us. I cannot describe the revulsion of feeling, which this uncouth and abrupt transition from spiritual to carnal things occasioned in my mind. The shock was so violent as to dissipate at once the solemn impression which the man's excellent prayer had made. The heart-stricken wife could make no reply, except by tears. It was well that the dying man was unable to catch the mercenary drift of the religious exercises he had heard.

That night he died. When we reached there, the next morning, several of the low crowd, who herded in other apartments of this great tenement-house, were already offering to bargain with the widow, for her husband's clothes. The thing was so inexpressibly shocking, that my mother interposed, and compelled them to desist and leave us alone. By degrees, we learned more of the actual condition of the family. It appeared that Varick had, in better days, become a member of a beneficial society, which allowed forty dollars to a widow, for the funeral expenses of her husband. The harpies of the tenement-house had become acquainted with this circumstance, and while one set was seeking to obtain possession of the dead man's clothes, another was practising every art to steal from the widow the little beneficiary fund, with which he was to be buried. Through all her difficulties, the poor needle-woman had managed to pay the society's dues, foreseeing what the end would be, and she was now entitled to draw the forty dollars. My mother immediately obtained from her an order for the money, drew it, kept it from the rapacious set who watched for it, and made it an efficient means of immediate comfort.

The ministerial undertaker was, of course, present at the funeral. He was, evidently, as keen after business as he was powerful in prayer. When the hour for moving from the house had arrived, he approached the widow, and whispered to her that he could not think of letting the coffin leave the premises until some one had become surety for the payment of his bill! My mother and myself both sat near the widow, and heard this extraordinary and ill-timed demand. I was amazed and disgusted at the indecency of the man in not urging it at the proper time, and pressing it at so improper a one. But my mother told him to proceed, and that she would pay the bill.

All these enormities were new things to me. I had seen nothing, I had imagined nothing, so every way terrible as came within my notice under the squalid roof of this poor needle-woman. But my mother had long been in the habit of penetrating into the abodes of the sick and destitute; and though shocked by the new combination of religion and trade, which she here witnessed, yet she regarded it only as a fresh development of the selfishness and hypocrisy of human nature. This poor woman and her family must live. How, thought I, is she to do so in this season of declining prices of the only work she is able to perform? If she could survive such a crisis so uncomplainingly, and be

willing to take to her bosom the helpless foundling left upon her door-step, what cause was there for me to complain? Sorrows gathered all round her pathway, while only blessings clustered about mine. I learned a lesson of thankfulness that has never been forgotten.

If there had been need of such exhibitions of positive distress as teachers of contentment, others were not wanting within my little circle. One of my cousins, a girl of my own age, ambitious to support herself, had been successful in obtaining a situation as saleswoman in a highly fashionable shop, where the most costly goods were sold in large quantities, and to which, of course, the most dashing customers resorted. I always thought her a truly beautiful girl. She was tall and eminently graceful, her face expressing the virtue and intelligence of her mind: for I cannot understand that true beauty can exist without these corresponding mental harmonies, any more than a shadow without the substance.

My taste in such matters may be defective, because it lacks the cultivation which fashion gives. Such as I possess is altogether natural. To my primitive apprehension, therefore, the attractions of a finely formed neck or arm receive no addition from being encircled by chains of gold or bracelets of pearls. When charmed with the appearance of a beautiful woman in simple robes, who is there, if told that the profuse expenditure that would have been required to cover her with brilliants had been employed in charity,—that she had used it as a fund to relieve the wants of the needy, to minister to the sick, to comfort the widow, to support and educate the destitute orphan,—who is there that would not feel the loftier emotions of his nature mingling with his admiration?

At home my cousin had been seated at her needle, but in her new employment she found herself compelled to stand. There was neither bench, nor chair, nor stool behind the counter, on which she could, for a moment, rest a body which had never been accustomed to so long-continued and unnatural a strain upon its powers. It was the peremptory order of the wealthy proprietor, that no girl employed in the shop should on any occasion sit down. There were soft stools for the repose of customers who had money to spend, but not even a block for the weary saleswoman who had money to earn. The rich lady, who had promenade the street until fatigued by the exertion of displaying her new bonnet over miles of pavement, came in and rested herself while pricing goods she did not intend to buy. There was a seat for all such. The unoccupied saleswoman had been seeking relief from the strain upon her muscles by leaning back against the shelves, but on the entrance of a customer, she must be all obsequiousness. While she might have rested, she was unfeelingly forbidden to do so. Now the customer must be waited on, no matter how completely she may be overcome by fatigue, or prostrated by lassitude. Either was sufficient to destroy her spirits; the combination of the two, springing from a fixed cause, was sure to undermine her health.

My cousin suffered keenly from this almost unexampled cruelty. She came home at night worn out by the strain upon her muscular system. Her spine was the seat of a chronic uneasiness. All day she was upon her feet, being allowed no other rest than such as she might get by leaning against the shelving. At the week's end she was fairly overcome. Sunday was hardly a day of recreation, because she was rarely free from pain induced by this unintermitted standing. All this was suffered for the sum of four dollars a week. It is true that she had earned less at her needle, but then her health had been remarkable for its robustness. Her increased earnings now were the price of that health.

Nor were others among the saleswomen less dangerously affected than herself. Some, of feeble organisation, quickly broke down under this unnatural discipline, and abandoned the shop, sometimes rendered temporary invalids, sometimes permanently disabled, while but few returned to fill their thankless places. Reading, while in the shop, whether employed or not, was out of the question, as that also was strictly prohibited. There was therefore no recreation either of body or mind, even when it might have been harmlessly permitted. It was either work or absolute idleness, but in no case rest or relaxation.

Under this monstrous system of torture, my cousin at length broke down so completely that she, too, was compelled to leave the establishment. Her resolute spirit led her to endure it too long. When she did give up, it was in the hope that entire rest would bring relief; but it never came. Her physical organisation,

strong as it was by nature, had been so deranged, that recuperation was impossible; medicine could do nothing for her. A curvature of the spine had been established, she soon became unable to sit up, and at this writing she lies comparatively helpless in her bed, still beautiful in her helplessness. Her health was permanently ruined by the barbarism of a man so destitute of sympathy for a working girl as to deny her the cheap privilege of sitting up when she could do him no good by standing up. Yet the great establishment is still continued, with all its gorgeous display of plate-glass windows, its polished counters, its wealth of costly goods, and its long array of tortured saleswomen.

These instances of complicated affliction among needle-women by no means embrace all that came under my notice. They were so numerous that it was impossible for me to avoid seeing and feeling that no such grief had been permitted to come over me. I trust that my heart was sufficiently grateful for this community,—for I became satisfied, that, if we were to thank God for all His blessings, we should have little time to complain of misfortunes. I know that I endeavoured to be so. I laboured to take a cheering view of what we then considered a very gloomy prospect. And this disposition to contrast our condition with that of others, while it taught me wisdom, brought with it a world of consolation. I saw that there was a bright side to everything,—that the sky was oftener blue than black; and my floral experiences in the garden taught me that it was the sunshine, and not the cloud, that makes the flower. It became my study to look on the bright side of things, convinced, that, if the present were a little overcast, there was a future for us that would be all delightful. I was full of hope; and the eye of hope can discover a star in the thickest darkness, a rainbow even in the blackest cloud.

Hence I went cheerfully to learn the art of operating a sewing-machine, in which I soon became so expert as to prove a profitable pupil. There were from a dozen to twenty learners beside myself, some few of whom were educated and agreeable girls, the daughters of families moving in genteel circles, who had come there with a sensible ambition to acquire a thorough knowledge of the art. With these I formed a very pleasant acquaintance, so that my apprenticeship of a few weeks, instead of being a dull and lifeless probation, calculated to depress my spirit, was really an agreeable episode in my quiet career, cheering by its new associations, and invigorating by reason of the unmistakable evidences occurring almost daily that a sewing-girl was probably the last machine whose labour was to become obsolete.

The fame of these schools for female operatives went all over the country, and attracted crowds of visitors. Some of these were fine ladies of superficial minds, who came from mere curiosity, so as to be able to say that they had seen a sewing-machine. I was often struck with the shallow, unmeaning questions which these butterflies of fashion propounded to us. Some of them made the supercilious, but disreputable boast, that they had never taken a stitch in the whole course of their lives. But the great throng of inquirers consisted of women who had families dependent on their needles, and of young girls like myself, obliged also to depend upon the labour of their fingers. All such were deeply interested in the new art, and their enquiries were practical and to the point. They expressed the same astonishment, on seeing the rapidity with which the machine performed its work, that I had felt when first beholding it.

With so great a throng continually around us, asking questions, stopping the machines to examine the sewing, and begging for scraps with a row of stitches made in them, which they might take away to inspect at leisure, as well as to exhibit to others, there were days when the pupils were able to produce only a very small amount of work. But we soon discovered that this deficiency made but little difference to our teacher. The school was in reality a mere show-shop, a place of exhibition established by the machine-makers, in which to display and advertise their wares more thoroughly to the public. We pupils were the unconscious mouth-pieces of the manufacturers. We paid the teacher for the privilege of learning to work the machines, and the manufacturers paid her a commission for all that she disposed of. Between the two sets of contributors to her purse she must have done a profitable business. She was at no expense except for rent, as the manufacturers loaned her the machines, while we did all the work. She had more orders for the latter than we could get through with, as the demand from the

tailors was so urgent as to show very plainly that the great proportion of all the future sewing was to be done by the machine instead of the hand.

When I first went into this schoolroom I noticed a number of unemployed machines arranged in one part of it. After a week's apprenticeship, I observed some of them leaving the room every day, while new ones came in to occupy the vacant places. The first had been sold, the last were also to be disposed of, and this active sale continued as long as I remained. The fact was apparent, that this public exhibition of the capacity of the new machine was operating on the community as the most efficient mode of advertising that could have been adopted. The machines went everywhere, over city and country, even at the monstrous prices demanded for them. Many fashionable ladies became purchasers, thinking, no doubt, that clothing could be made up by merely cutting it out and placing it before the machine.

Thus the most ingeniously potent agencies were invoked to bring the new invention rapidly and extensively into use. Its real merit happened to be such that it fulfilled all the promises with which it had been presented to the public. Hence it became a fixture in every establishment where sewing-women were usually employed. As the latter acquired a knowledge of the machine, each of these establishments became a school in which new hands were converted into skilful operatives, until the primary schools, like that where I had been instructed, were abandoned from lack of pupils.

But I picked up a great many useful ideas at the school, besides acquiring, as already remarked, a new and assured confidence in the future prospects of the sewing-women. It seemed clear to my mind, that, under the new order of things, the needle was still to be plied by her; whatever work it was to do would be superintended and directed by her. It was in reality only a new turn given to an old employment. Moreover, it struck me that more of it would be called for than ever, because I had noticed that the speed of the machine in making stitches had already led to putting treble and quadruple the usual number into some garments. Having achieved the useful, it was quickly applied to the ornamental. Clothing was not to be made up, in the future, as plainly as it had been in the past. Hence the prospect of more work being required involved the probability of a greater demand for female labour. But whether it was to be more remunerative—whether the sewing-girl who might turn out ten times as much in a day as she formerly did, would receive an increase of wages in any degree proportioned to the increase of work performed, was a problem which the future alone can solve. I did not believe that any such measure of justice would be accorded to her. It would be to the men, but not to the women. Yet I was willing to take the future on trust, for it now looked infinitely brighter than ever.

Among the pupils of this school was a young lady of twenty, whose affable and sociable disposition won strongly on my admiration, while her robust good sense commanded my utmost respect. The machines we operated were close to each other, so that I had the good fortune to have constant opportunities of conversing with her. Her name was Effie Logan, and she was one of three daughters of a merchant who had acquired an ample competency. In company with his wife, he came once or twice a week to visit the school, and see his daughter at work. With great consideration for me, Miss Effie introduced me to her parents, at the same time adding some highly complimentary explanations as to who I was, and how attentive I had been in teaching her to use the machine. This adoption of me as her friend established a sort of good feeling in the parents toward me, so that at each visit to the school they greeted me in a way so cordial as greatly to attach me to them. It was an unexpected kindness from an entirely new quarter, and increased my affection for Miss Effie.

Her parents, it appeared, were having all their children taught an art or profession of some kind. One of the daughters, having a talent for drawing, was learning the art of engraving on wood. The youngest, being passionately fond of flowers, and possessed of great artistic genius, was a regular apprentice in an artificial-flower manufactory. Miss Effie, the eldest, had had her musical talent so cultivated under a competent master, that she was now qualified to act as organist in a church, or to teach a class of pupils at the piano; but, not satisfied with this, she had insisted on being instructed in the use of the sewing-machine. Both she and her parents seemed so wholly free from the false pride which wealth so frequently engenders in the American mind, that she

came, without the least hesitation, to a public school, and sat down as a learner beside the very humblest of us. When her parents came to inspect her work, I am certain they were gratified with all they saw of what she was doing.

I confess that the whole conduct of the family was as great a surprise to me as it was a comfort and encouragement. Mrs. Logan always made the kindest inquiries about my parents, but in the politest way imaginable—no impertinent questions, but such as showed that she felt some interest in me. I think that Effie must have spoken very favourably of me to her parents when at home, but I could not understand why, as I was not near so affable and pleasant in my manners as she was. But an intimacy had grown up between us; she had won my whole confidence; and as confidence usually begets confidence, so she probably took to me from the force of that harmony of thought and feeling which comes spontaneously from communion of congenial souls.

One day the teacher of the school had been called out on other business, leaving me to attend to visitors and customers. The throng that morning had been so great it was full two o'clock before I found time to sit down, hungry enough, to the slight dinner I had brought with me in a little basket. I had taken only the first mouthful, when Miss Effie came in from dining at home. She drew her chair close up to me, her sweet face blooming with the roses of perfect health, and her bright eyes sparkling with animation and intelligence. Much as I admired and loved her, I thought she had never before looked so perfectly beautiful.

"Lizzie," she said, taking in her hand a spool of cotton to adjust on her machine, "how I like this work! Pa intends to buy me a machine as soon as I have completed my apprenticeship here. He don't believe there is any real gentility in the idleness of a girl who, because she happens to be rich, or to have great expectations, chooses to do nothing but fritter away her time on company and parties and dress, and trifles unworthy of a sensible woman. He has brought us all up to think as he does. He tells us that every woman should be so educated that, if at any time compelled by reverse of fortune to support herself, she would be able to do so. Why, he made us all learn the old story of the basket-maker before we were ten years old. It was only last week that he said there was no knowing what might happen to us girls—you know, Lizzie, there are three of us—that some day we might possibly be married."

I am sure that the faintest of all innocent blushes rose up from the half-conscious heart of the truly lovely speaker as she uttered the word, giving to her cheeks a tinge of crimson that added new beauty to the soft expression which her countenance habitually wore.

"Possibly, did you say, Miss Effie?" I interposed. "You might have said *probably*—but would have been nearer the truth if you had said *certainly*."

"Oh, Lizzie, how you talk!" she rejoined; and there was an unmistakable deepening of her blushes. But in a moment she resumed—

"Pa remembers how his mother was left a widow, with five young children, but with neither trade nor money, and how both she and he had to struggle for a mere subsistence, she at keeping boarders, and he as apprentice to a mean man, who gave him only the smallest weekly pittance. He says that we shall never go out into the world as destitute of resources as his mother was, and so we all have what may really be called trades. My brother is in the counting-house, keeping the books, and is provided for. But you don't know how we have all been laughed at by our acquaintances, and sneered at by impudent people, who, though not at all acquainted with us, undertake to prescribe what we should and what we should not do. They call us work-women! With them, work of any kind is regarded as degrading, especially if done by a woman, and more especially if she is to be paid for it."

"Ah, Miss Effie, you have touched the weak spot of our national character," I responded.

"Yes," she resumed, "it is the misfortune of American women to entertain the idea that working for a living is dishonourable, and never to be done, unless one be driven to it by actual want. Why, even when positively suffering for want of food and fuel, I have known some to conceal or disguise the fact of their working for others by all sorts of artifice. To suffer in secret was genteel enough, but to work openly was disgraceful! A girl of my acquaintance was accidentally discovered to be selling her work at a public depository, and forthwith went to apologising for doing so, as if she had been guilty of a crime, instead of having nobly

striven to earn a living. The ridiculous pride of another seduced her into a falsehood: she declared that the work she had been selling for her own support was for the benefit of a church. This senseless pride exists in all classes. From the sham gentility it spreads to the daughters of working men. They are educated to consider work as a disgrace, and hence the idle lives so many of them lead. It is the strangest thing imaginable, that parents who rose from poverty to independence by the hardest kind of bodily labour should thus bring up their children. No such teaching was ever given to me. I can sit here at my machine, and look the finest lady of my acquaintance in the face. She may some day wish that she had been my fellow-apprentice."

"Where do our girls learn this notion of its being disgraceful for a woman to support herself?" I inquired.

"Learn it? It is taught them everywhere," she responded. "I sometimes think it is born with them. They drink it in with their mother's milk. They grow up with it as a daily lesson,—the lesson of avoiding work, and of considering it delicate and genteel and refined to say that they never cooked a meal, or swept the parlour, or took a stitch with the needle, actually priding themselves upon the amount of ignorance of useful things that they can exhibit. They make the grand mistake of assuming that sensible men will admire them for this display of folly. So they drag on until there occurs a prospect of marriage, when they suddenly wake up to a consciousness of their utter unfitness to become the head of a family. Why, I know at this moment a young lady of this description, who expects in a few months to become a wife, and whose cultivated ignorance of household duties is now the ridicule of her mother's cook and chambermaid. The prospect of marriage alarmed her for her total ignorance of domestic duties. She had never made her own bed, or dusted the furniture; and as to getting up a dinner, she knew even less than a squaw. She is now vainly seeking to acquire, within a few months, those branches of domestic knowledge which she has been a whole life neglecting and despising. She hated work: it was not genteel. Yet she is eagerly plunging into marriage with the first man who has offered himself, foolish enough, no doubt, to suppose that in her new position she will have even less to look after. Formerly, she did nothing: now, she expects to do even less."

"But what," continued Miss Effie, "is this poor creature to do, if death or poverty or vice should overtake her husband, and she should be thrown on her own slender resources? She is driven to seek employment of some kind,—to attend in a shop (for somehow that is considered rather more genteel than most other occupations), or to sew, or to fold books, or do something else. But she knows nothing of these several arts; and employers want skilled labour, not novices. She once boasted that she had never been obliged to work, and now she realises how much such absurd boasting is worth. What then? Why, greater privation and suffering, because of her total unfitness for any station in which she might otherwise obtain a living,—the extremity of this destitution being sometimes such that she is driven to the last shame to which female virtue can be made to submit."

"You say, Miss Effie, that these foolish lessons are taught by the mothers; but do the fathers inculcate no wiser ones? Have they nothing to say as to the proper training of their daughters?" I inquired, deeply interested in all she said. She knew a great deal more than I did. And why should she not know more? Was she not full two years older?

"The fathers do, in many cases, teach better lessons than these; but their good effects are too commonly neutralized by the persistent vanity and pride of the mothers. Even the fathers are too neglectful of the future welfare of their daughters. The sons are suitably cared for, because of the generally accepted understanding that every man must support himself. They are therefore trained to a profession, or to some useful branch of business. But the daughters are expected to be supported by their future husbands, hence are taught to wait and do nothing until the husbands come along. If these conveniences should offer within a reasonable time, and do well and prosper, the result is agreeable enough. But no sort of provision is made for the husband's not showing himself, or, if he does, for his subsequent loss by death, or for his turning out either unfortunate or a vagabond. Even the daughter's natural gifts, often very brilliant ones, are left uncultivated. If she has a talent for music, she receives only

a superficial knowledge of the piano, instead of such an education as would qualify her to teach. No one expects her to work, it is true; but why not fit her for it, nevertheless? Another develops a talent for nursing, the rare and priceless qualification of being efficient in the sick room. Why not cultivate this talent, and enlarge its value by the study of medicine? The parents are rich enough to give to these talents the fullest development. They do so with those of their sons; why refuse in the case of their daughters? Our sex renders us comparatively helpless, excluding us from many avenues to profitable employment where we should be at all times welcome, if the unaccountable pride of parents did not shut us out by refusing to have us so taught that we could enter them. The prejudice against female labour begins with parents; and the unreflecting vanity and rashness of youth give it a fatal hold on us. My parents have never entertained it. They have taught us that there is more to be proud of in being dependent solely on our own exertions than in living idle lives on either their means or those of any husband who may happen to have enough of their own."

"It is very odd, Miss Effie," I replied, "for you to entertain these opinions, they are so different from those of rich people; and it is very encouraging to me to hear you express them. But I should have expected nothing less noble from you, you are so good and generous."

"Why, Lizzie, what do you mean?" she exclaimed. "It is not goodness, but merely common sense. What brought me here to be a pupil in this school? Not the desire to do good to others, but to improve myself,—a little selfishness, after all."

"But," I inquired, "will this unnatural prejudice against the respectability of female labour ever die out? You know that I am to be a sewing girl, not from choice, like you, but from necessity. You learn the use of a machine only as a prop to lean upon in a very remote contingency; I, to make it the staff for all my future life. You will continue to be a lady,—indeed, Miss Effie, you never can be anything else,—but I shall be only a sewing girl. The prejudice will never attach to you; but it will always cling to me. How cruel it seems that the world should consider as ladies all who can afford to be idle, and all working women as belonging to a lower class, because God compels them to labour for the life He has given them!"

"Dear Lizzie," she exclaimed, in tones so modulated to extreme softness as to show that her feelings had been deeply touched both by the matter and the manner of my inquiry, "you must banish all such thoughts from your mind. For His own wise purposes God has placed you in a position in which you have a mission of some kind to fulfil. The position is an honourable one, because it requires you to labour, and it is none the less honourable because others are not required to do so. They also have their several missions, which we cannot understand. If it be regarded as mean for women to work, it is in the pride of man that so false a standard of respectability has been set up, not in the word or wisdom of God. To which shall we pay the most respect? The former, we know, brings constant bitterness; the latter, we know equally well, is unchangeably good. As it is our duty to submit to it here, so, through the Saviour, is it our only trust hereafter. It is not labour that degrades us, but temper, behaviour, character. If all these be vicious, can mere money or exemption from labour make them respectable? You know it cannot."

"You," she continued, in a tone so impressive, that, even amid the clatter of twenty machines around me, not a word was lost,—"you may be sure that this prejudice against women working for their own support will never die out. It is one of those excrescences of the human mind that cannot be extirpated. It is a distortion of the reasoning faculty itself, unworthy of a sensible person, and is generally exhibited only by those who, while boasting of exemption for themselves, have really little or nothing else to boast of. It is the infirmity of small minds, not a peculiarity of great ones. Prejudices are like household vermin, and the human mind is like the traps we set for them. They get in with the greatest facility, but find it impossible to get out. Beware of entertaining them yourself, Lizzie. Shun everything like repining at what you call your position as a sewing-girl. Take care of your conscience, for it will be your crown. Labour for contented thoughts and aspirations, for they will bring you rest. Your heart can be made happy in itself, if you so choose, and your best happiness will always be found within your own bosom."

"Do not misunderstand me, Miss Effie," I replied; "I was not repining, but merely asking an explanation. My mother has sought to teach me not only contentment, but thankfulness for my condition."

"Indeed," she responded, "both you and I have abundant cause for thankfulness to God for the multitude of mercies He is extending to us. You know how this poor girl behind us, Lucy Anderson, is situated," raising her hand and pointing over her shoulder toward a thin, pale girl of seventeen, who was working a machine.

"I do not know her history," I answered.

"Well," said Miss Effie, "that girl's mother was a washerwoman. She did the heavy washing for a very rich man's family. They put her into an open shed, on a cold, damp pavement. This work she had been doing for them for several years, in the same bleak place, and in all weathers. While warm and comfortable herself, the pampered mistress of the family gave no thought to the dangerous exposure to which she subjected this slave of the washtub. Thus working all day in thin shoes, on damp bricks, and while a penetrating, easterly rain was falling, the poor woman was next morning laid up with the worst form of rheumatism. Medicine and nursing were of no avail. She became bedridden,—the disease attacked all the joints of her frame, ossification succeeded, and in the end she was unable to move either her body or limbs. Every joint was stiff and rigid. The vital organs alone were spared. For twelve years she has been in that condition,—she is so now,—my mother saw her only yesterday. Can you imagine anything more terrible? Poor, dependent on her daily earnings, with young children around her, and a widow, only think of her agonies of mind and body! Yet, among the vital powers still left to this afflicted woman, was the power to approach the Throne of Grace in prayer so acceptable that the answer was that peace which passeth all understanding. The body had been disabled; but the mind had been quickened to a new and saving activity,—she had been drawn nearer to God."

What could I do but listen in mute attention to this heart-awakening recital? I looked round at Lucy Anderson in lively sympathy with what I had heard. How little did her appearance give token of the deep domestic grief that must have settled upon her young heart! How deceptive is the human countenance? Though pale and fragile, yet her face sparkled with cheerfulness.

Miss Effie went on with her story;—she was mistress of the art of conversation; and conversation is sometimes a serious matter; for there are persons with whom an hour's talk would weaken one more than a day's fasting,—but not so with Miss Effie. She resumed by saying,—

"Would you believe that the rich family in whose service this poor washerwoman destroyed her health have never called, nor even sent, to know how she was getting on? When she first failed to take her usual two-days' stand at the washtub, they inquired the reason of her absence, but there all concern ended. They sought out a new drudge; the gap was filled to their liking, and the world moved on as gaily as afloat. They gave up no personal ease or comfort that they might see or minister to the suffering woman; they denied themselves no luxury for her sake. Yet the money they spent in giving a single party would have kept this family a whole twelvemonth. The cost of their ostentatious greenhouse would have paid for a nurse, and educated the two orphan boys until able to go to trades. They had seen these twin boys tied to the washtub in their own bleak shed, that the mother might pursue her labour without interruption; yet as they gave no thought to the widow, so the orphans never intruded upon their recreations. Now, Lizzie such people are unprofitable servants in the sight of God. And if the ostrich were to strip off their feathers, the silkworm their dresses, the kid their gloves, and the martin demand his firs, what would be their state in the sight of man? Bare unto nakedness! This unlawful love for lawful things is one of the besetting snares of the great enemy of souls."

If I had ever been addicted to repining, or had had no lessons to teach me how wrong the habit was, here was a new one to induce contentment. But I had been preserved from all such temptations. The strong good sense displayed by Miss Logan during our frequent conversations not only informed my understanding on a variety of subjects, but gave my thoughts a new turn, and powerfully encouraged me to perseverance. She infused into me new life and cheerfulness. Such

women are the jewels of society. Their strong minds, regulated by a judicious education at the hands of sensible parents, become brilliant as well as trustworthy guides to all who may be fortunate enough to come within the circle which they illuminate. It is such women that have been, and must continue to be, the mothers of great men. Mind must be transmissible by inheritance, and chiefly from the mother; else the histories of statesmen, heroes, and distinguished men in the various walks of life would not so uniformly record the virtues of the woman from whose maternal teachings their eminence is to be traced.

The company of girls collected together in this school-room was of course a very miscellaneous one. The faces were changing almost daily, some by expiration of their apprenticeship and some by being sent away as troublesome, incompetent, or vicious. All who left us had their places immediately filled from a list of candidates which the teacher had in a book, so that, while one throng of learners was departing, another was entering. If one could have gone into the domestic history of all the girls who came and went even during my short stay, he would have found some experiences to surpass anything that has ever occurred to me. I do not know how it happened, but most of these girls were quite desirous of making my acquaintance, and of their own motion became extremely sociable. I was sociable in return, from an instinct of my nature. I never lost anything by thus meeting them halfway in their endeavour to be polite and affable, but on the contrary learned much, gained much, and secured invaluable friends. Nor did I ever repel the amicable approaches even of the most humble, as I very early discovered that none were so ignorant as not to be able to communicate some little item of knowledge to which I had been a stranger.

There was a lady among these pupils who was in many respects very different from all the others. I think her age must have been at least thirty-five. I did not ask if it were so; and as she never mentioned it herself, that circumstance was hint enough for me to remain silent. I never could understand why so many women are so amusingly anxious to conceal their age, sometimes becoming quite affronted when even a conjecture is hazarded on the subject. This lady was unmarried; perhaps that may have been one reason for her unwillingness to speak of her age. But was not I unmarried, and what repugnance have I ever felt to avowing mine?

However, Miss Hawley was extremely sociable with me, though certainly old enough to be my mother, and made me the depositary of many incidents in her life. She was the eldest of three sisters, all orphans, all unmarried, all dependent on themselves for a living, and all, at one time, so absurdly proud, that, in the struggle to keep up appearances, and conceal from their acquaintances the fact that they were doing this or that thing for a maintenance, they subjected themselves to privations which embarrassed much of their efforts, while they failed to secure the concealment they sought. Though women of undoubted sense and excellent education, yet they acted as foolishly as the ostrich, which, when hunted to cover, thrusts his head into a bush, and is weak enough to think that his whole body is concealed, when it stands out not only a target, but a fixed one, for the hunter's rifle. So these women took it for granted, that, if they ran to the cover of a chamber from which all visitors should be excluded, their acquaintances would be ignorant of how they occupied their time, or by what means they lived.

Yet they could not fail to be aware that everybody who knew anything of them knew their history also,—that it was notorious that their father, a merchant, had died not worth a cent, and that they had been compelled to abandon the fine house in which he had kept up a style so expensive as greatly to increase the hardship of their subsequent destitution. Like a thousand others, he had lived up to the limit of his income. No doubt all of them might have been well married but for the lavish habits as to fashion and expenditure in which they indulged themselves. These might be afforded by their father so long as his annual gains continued large. But the many worthy young men who visited and admired them refused to entertain the idea of marriage with girls whose mere personal outfit cost a sum equal to the year's salary of a first-class clerk, or the annual profits of one who had just commenced business for himself. They held that the girl whose habits were so expensive should bring with her a fortune large enough to support them, or remain as she was, taking the sure consequences on her own shoulders, and not throwing them on theirs. They were in fact

afraid of girls who manifestly had no prudence, no economy, and who appeared to be wholly unconscious that the only admiration worth securing is that of the good and wise.

But the vices of the old mode of living clung to them in their new and humbler abode, keeping them slaves to a new set of appearances. They had never done any work of consequence, hardly their own sewing. What was even worse, they had been brought up to consider work, for a lady, disgraceful. Women might work, but not ladies; or when the latter undertook it, they ceased to be such, and certainly so, if working for a living. No pride could have been more tyrannous or absurd than this. For a whole year after their father's death, it ruled them with despotic supremacy. They prided themselves on doing nothing, and subsisted on the sale of trinkets, jewellery, and books, which they had acquired in palmier days. The circle of acquaintances for whose good opinion they submitted to these humiliating sacrifices knew all the while that the life they were living was a sham; but they themselves seemed wholly unconscious of it, as well as of the light in which it was regarded by those about them.

Why should such a woman come to a school like this, where a willingness to work was a condition of admission, and that work to be done in public? What could bring about so strange a reversal of thought and habit? One of her sisters had recently died, after a protracted illness, during which her heart had been mercifully smitten with a conviction of the hollowness and sinfulness of her previous life. Its idle, trifling, aimless tendency had been set before her in all its emptiness. She saw that she had been living without God, bound up in the love of temporal things, and so effectually ensnared by worldly pride that her whole fear had been of man, instead of her Creator. Thus in mercy called to judgment, that grace, of whose saving efficacy we have the divine assurance, brought repentance of sin, and led her to the Saviour, and, abasing herself at his cross, the heavy burden was lifted from her heart. Her condemnation of the frivolous lives that she and her sisters had been leading was so earnest and impressive, that, aided by the continual prayers of a truly contrite heart for pardon for herself and awakened consciences for them, they also were brought to Christ. This mighty transformation accomplished, her mission seemed to be fulfilled, and she passed into the unseen world in peaceful assurance of forgiveness and acceptance. Thus, though our lots are cast in places seemingly diverse and barren, each has his own specific duty to perform, some appointed mission to fulfil, though exactly what it is may not be apparent to us. As fellow-workers in the world, if we make it our chief study to do the Master's will, that which is thus required of us will in His own time so unfold itself to our spiritual understanding that we cannot be deceived respecting it.

I am satisfied that between the functions of life, as developed in the material and moral world, there is an analogy as instructive as it is beautiful. It overcomes external circumstances by the power of an invisible law. Philosophers have discovered that the human body maintains a uniform temperature, whether it shiver in the snow-hut of the Esquimaux, or drip with perspiration in the cane-fields of the tropics. But let life depart, and it falls to that of the surrounding objects. Decay immediately begins. So, when religious vitality is maintained in the heart, the corrupting influences of the world remain inoperative. This vitality having been infused into the heart of Miss Hawley, the fervour of her spirit rose to a higher temperature than that of all surrounding objects. She could no longer assimilate with them.

If her strong personal pride, her obsequious deference to appearances and the opinion of the world, were henceforth overcome or kept in subjection, it was only as she took up the cross in obedience to the convictions of duty. She told me it was the hardest trial of her life to come to this public school; it was the greatest cross to her natural affections she had ever experienced. But the bitterness of the cup had now measurably passed away from her. Strength came with animating promptitude as the answer to prayer. Her spiritual life became more healthy and vigorous as her approaches to the mercy-seat were humble and frequent. Cheerfulness became an ever-present attendant. She had put all pride behind her, and because of her abasement had risen above the world. Henceforth she was to support herself by her own acknowledged labour. She had been so changed by the grace of God in her heart, that she regarded with astonishment the secret insincerities she had formerly been guilty of in seeking

to conceal the extent of the necessity to which she had been reduced. I have never seen nor heard of her since I left the school; but the remembrance of her subdued and patient spirit cannot soon be effaced.

How true it is, as some one has beautifully said, that infinite toil would not enable us to sweep away a mist, but that by ascending a little we may often look over it altogether—and that so it is with our moral improvement! We wrestle fiercely with vicious habits that would have no hold on us if we ascended to a higher moral atmosphere. Another has declared that at five years of age the father begins to rub the mother out of his child; that at ten the schoolmaster rubs out the father; that at twenty a trade or a profession rubs out the schoolmaster; that at twenty-five the world rubs out all its predecessors, and gives a new education, till we are old enough and wise enough to take religion and common sense for our pastors, when we employ the rest of our lives in unlearning what we have previously learned.

The contrast between the two ladies with whom I was thus fortunate enough to become intimately acquainted was so remarkable that it could not fail to make an impression on me. It was evident that education, the training which each had received at the parental fireside, had led them into widely divergent paths of thought and conduct. Both were possessed of sterling good sense; both had lived in affluence; both, so far as mere school-learning was concerned, had been thoroughly educated. Had Miss Logan received the same training as Miss Hawley, it may be fairly assumed that she would have fallen a victim to the same pride and folly; and had the latter been trained at home as carefully and as sensibly as the former, who can doubt that, with the same substratum of good sense, she would have proved as great a comfort to herself and as shining an example to others? I am sure it was a lesson to me, convincing me anew that where faith and works do not go together, both are wanting, and that if they once part company each of them must die.

When, at the termination of my brief apprenticeship, the time came for me to leave the school and to part from Miss Effie—she to go to her elegant home, I to the little old brick house in the fields, and with prospects so entirely different from hers—I am sure it was the hardest trial I had yet been called upon to bear. I should never see her again. I had no longings for the life she led; for as yet I had harboured no other thought than that of perfect contentment with my own. But her society was so delightful, the tone of her mind so lofty, her condescension so grateful, her whole manners so captivating, that I looked upon her as my guide, philosopher, and friend, and I cried bitterly when I left her.

JUST CAUSE OR IMPEDIMENT. AN AMERICAN LOVE STORY.

The night was fearful. The thunder leaped in immoderate reverberations from crag to cliff, and back again. The lightning lightened, the rain rained. The face of Nature was very wet, and the earth groaned and trembled beneath the shock of the elements.

He would have been a stout-hearted and fearless man who dared venture out without an umbrella into the whirl and turmoil of that driving storm. I dare say he did not do it.

And india-rubber overshoes, too.

Suddenly, had it not been so dark, there might have been seen a small and fragile boat—a shallop—leaving the shore of the tumultuous lake, and slowly making its perilous way, buffeted and beaten back continually by the storm.

Now aloft, now alow, now lost in the engulfing billow, but ever working onward toward the farther shore, the shallop went, propelled by the strong and nervous arms of an heroic hired man.

But ha! who is it that reclines in the stern seat?

'Tis he! His cheek blanches not, and his eye is lit with a ray of anticipation and delight even in the midst of the tempest's roar.

And it is no roar on the half-shell, I can tell you!

Why looks he so unmoved, so calm, so O-be-joyful almost, while the stormy terror of the deep encompasses him?

Ah, it is because *she* nestles at his side. Her rosy palm entwines his; her long yellow hair floats like a golden chain about him; her gentle nose and radiant chin are close to his conspicuous shoulder, and their hearts throb in unison with the dirge-music of the pines on shore and the raging waters before them!

And thus they speed onward, ever guided by a dim and twinkling window-light afar, that makes pale echoes through the gathering mists.

It is warm and snug in the oak-panelled library. The clear-globed lamp shines bright upon the ponderous tomes and multitudinous papers that strew the floor and furniture. And there, at the ancient carved table, sits the master-spirit of the place.

Figure to yourself, my dear reader, a man hardly past the dinner-time of life, yet bearing on his thoughtful brow those natural knobs and lumps which only come with racking and tempestuous thought.

A man, whom seeing, one might say, "here is something that is not as if it had not been the something it is." You have met such men, no doubt.

The fire in the grate flickers and flares. A back-log, burnt in twain, falls asunder, and a spire of lambent flame leaps up with a fitful glare. By its sudden flash of light you can see that this man, calm-spirited and knobby-browed, is not the man you thought he was.

You also see, for the first time, by this fire-gleam, that he is a clergyman.

He closes his ancient bronze-clasped volume with something between a smile and a sigh, and says, grimly. "It is a shocking night, but good for the crops."

A loud and hollow summons at the front door resounds throughout the mansion, like the thunderous downfall of gravel upon the coffin's lid. The rude winds shake the window-frames afresh, and whirl with keener fury around the corners.

"Perchance some poor soul lies a-dying," murmurs the good and pious man, "and sends to seek the last sad offices of these unworthy hands."

He touches a bell, and a sable child of that sunny land, whence the original men and brothers were imported in lots to suit purchasers, appears.

"Julius, there is some one at the door."

The swarthy Ethiope disappears, but presently returns, ushering in three strangers.

Strangers to the clergyman, indeed, but not to you, good reader. They are the loving pair we have seen in the storm-tossed shallop, and with them is the faithful hired man!

The holy man surveys their dripping forms with surprise.

"Whence come ye, friends, if friends you be?" says he; "and what make ye here this sad and joyless night?"

"We come to wed," replies the man, with a slight but noble and well-executed gesture.

"To wed!"

"Ay, thus said I."

"It is an elopement," says the clergyman to himself. Then, aloud; "have ye well considered the step you are about to take?"

"That have we, good sir," say both at once.

"And ye love one another beyond all else on earth?"

"We do."

"And ye are prepared to sunder all ties else, to cling and cleave unto one another?"

"We are."

"Then I will wed ye right cheerfully. But hold; how old are you, fair sir?"

"Twenty summers have I seen. My bride here numbers three less."

"Ah! ye are minors yet."

"No, sir. I'm no miner. I work in a saw-mill."

"But both are under age, and the law prevents me from joining ye against the wishes of your flesh and blood. Ye must answer me some questions truly."

"We will."

"Know ye any reasons why your wedding should not be?"

"None!"

"Know ye any who, if they knew of this, would make objections thereunto?"

"O, yes."

"Aha! Your father, sir?"

"No—not my father."

"Your mother, it may be?"

"No—she is willing."

"Probably your father, fair maiden?"

"No. We have his consent."

"Then it is your mother?"

"No, sir."

"And you have no other guardians?"

"None."

"Then," says the pious man, a little disturbed,

"why in the name of common sense do you say that there is some one who might forbid the match?"

"O," replied the bride, her cheek encrimsoning with the suffusion of native modesty; "there is some one. Eli Prichard, who keeps the store, used to sit up with me, and he'd be awful mad if he knew I was going to marry James, here!"

This is my story, but for the benefit of the young damsels who may read these columns, I will add that they were married in less than five minutes, and their numerous children now play about the saw-mill on fine days.

HAND AND GLOVE.

A CITY NOVEL.

BY L. H. F. DU TERREAUX.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM SPORT TO SPORT.

ALTHOUGH the terms with Mr. Throgmorton (whatever those might be) by which his new clerk visited the family also secured him the run of the house on the most intimate footing, Mr. Wire did not find the warmest friends in the members of the Throgmorton establishment. True, for reasons emanating from Finch Lane, Mr. Throgmorton steadily supported him; but it was done with an ill-will. His wife was rather confused in her estimate of the new family friend (but that was no uncommon mental phenomenon in the case of the Delectus), occasionally contradictory in her opinion of him as a very steady young man, whose otherwise excellent qualities were marred by a looseness of appearance. "For, you know, my dear," Mrs. Throgmorton would say, "habits of steadiness, as I have often told your papa, not that he ever required admonition in that way being the best of men at a time when most men drank port and wore scratch-wigs which could do them nothing but harm taken in whole bottles, and a foolish custom that which produced baldness more than anything else only it was fashionable. But as I used to say, habits of steadiness if persevered in must come right in the end; and if steady why so yellow in the face?"

Nor had Mr. Wire a friend in Alfred or in his sister. The former chafed at his intrusion on the family circle, and even remonstrated with his father. "Hang it, sir," he exclaimed, "the fellow is insufferable enough in the office, but if you like him and find him useful, I could stand that. But for Heaven's sake, keep him to the office: don't make a domestic companion of the churl." But Mr. Throgmorton had meekly but virtuously answered, "These are harsh words, my son, and made in no charitable spirit. Let us have charity above all things, and forbear."

As to Lucy, she was cold and imperturbable towards the unabashed Mr. Wire. She met his advances—even his impertinences—with haughty disdain; she waived him aside, metaphorically, whenever he stopped the way. Of late, she had grown colder and more reserved to all, excepting perhaps her brother. Crossed love has many effects on the female heart: it may render a girl reckless, or silly, or flippant, or soured, or simply chilled. In Lucy's case it had the last effect: she was no coquette, to let one foolish yeoman go and immediately seek out another; she was no irrepressible fountain of sentiment that *must* have a vent in some masculine direction; she did not see the direct cut which many women find, between wounded affection and religious austerity, between love-billets and tracts. Nor did her habitual sweetness suffer: she would not complain, even to herself. But she closed her heart and locked it, as an empty chamber which could not again be used, confiding its key to no one—not to her mother, certainly not to her clergyman.

There was to be a party given at the Throgmorton's in George Street, Hanover Square—a ball on an extensive scale. The beauty and fashion of the West End would meet the commerce and enterprise of the City, and the aristocracy (in retirement) of Bloomsbury. Several great and many little people were to be there: biggest of civic wigs (for rumour hinted at the Lord Mayor himself) would nod propitiously at the humblest follower that ever pulled on white gloves and attacked the property pastry of a ball-supper. Joe was going, and Chafferson and Owles, Germanaster, Poodle and the polished Devane—in fact all the Orpwood confraternity with the exception of the master-spirit himself. There would be eminent artists there too—Mr. Strummer, Mus. Bac., of the Royal Academy of Music,

and Mr. Warbleboy, the eminent vocalist, and Mr. Nobis Nonne, the eminent vocalist, and Madame Ticklestone, the eminent vocalist, and Herr Bang, the eminent pianist, besides several shining lights of the musical profession, who let themselves out for social snubbing at so much per night. It was altogether a party calculated to open the eyes even of the usually wakeful Hanover Square.

There had been great preparations for the event for weeks; and the Delectus had had sufficient swing in the household to drive all her servants to the verge of insanity. There was only one who made a stand against the domestic autocracy, and that was the rebellious Betty, of whom Mrs. Throgmorton was proportionately afraid. For Betty, by a resolute habit of refusing to perform every order given to her, from the putting on of coals to the cooking of a dinner, had become a scourge to the good Delectus, which even the soothing assistance of little Emily Standard was unable to mollify. Emily, running about the house in a white apron tucked under the dimples of her chin and almost enveloping her littleness altogether, performed great freaks of cookery; and her aid was not the least enjoyable portion of the preparations. Even Tom had been impressed into the service; but after a domestic dénouement which happened in consequence of Tom's having dropped a whole mould of blancmange on the stairs, and therewith extemporised a sort of Alpine effect of glaciers, and having washed the keys of the Delectus down the sink, Tom was ignominiously dismissed into a room from which the furniture had been cleared; and there, in company with a discomposed cat, who had found no rest for the sole of her paw in the kitchen, he wiled away the rosy hours by picturing the joys of the coming banquet.

And in due time the banquet came, preceded by the ball. The echoes of George Street were waked many times that night by a more than usually arrogant knocker; and the atmosphere of George Street was brilliant with links. The first arrivals had got through the discontentment of fearing they were the first (they never knew for certain, owing to the consideration of footmen in ushering them in to coffee, and keeping them *perdu* until more had come); and other arrivals followed, tripping on each other's heels.

"Miss Throgmorton," said the impressive Devane—who had one creed in the world, namely, Girls, and who acted up to it—"there is one pleasure—one luxury, if I might so express it—next to the enjoyment of seeing you to-night, which I hope to claim in addition."

"Yes, Mr. Devane? What is that luxury?" asked Lucy.

"It is the hope of dancing the first waltz with you."

"You may have your luxury cheaply," answered Lucy, indifferently.

"I am indeed happy—but how cheaply?" asked the radiant Devane.

"By simply asking for it." And Devane, rather disconcerted, led her away.

Alfred sought his fiancée, who in the purest white looked like a delicate rose in a parterre of tulips. Is there a more delightful sight in the world than a blonde in white? Next, perhaps, to that of a blonde in black.

"Lily," said Alfred, using a variation of the original etymon, as lovers only will, "I have a particular favour to ask of you. Don't dance with that ass Devane."

"Why?"

"Because he is an ass, and I—I don't wish it."

"But I have promised him the third from this," said Emily, perplexed.

"No matter: don't keep your promise."

"But—"

"If you dance with Devane, I shall simply attach myself to Miss Canoodles for the rest of the evening," said the wrathful Alfred.

"Is that a threat, sir?"

"No—a statement: a declaration of policy."

"A very foolish one," she retorted, "and one which has no weight with me." And she gave her hand to a distinguished young gentleman with two large eyes and one small idea in his head; and Alfred's troubles began. He retired disconsolately from the ball-room, and on the stairs encountered Joe.

Joe had arrived rather late, having taken a long time to dress and a longer time to get himself up to the mark with the aid of "pick-me-ups." For Joe's spirits were apt to desert him on trying occasions, and he had nervous attacks, which were only soothed by the application of various external lotions applied to his forehead and eyes. On the present occasion Joe had had a head-

ache of such violent proportions as to necessitate an application of sherry, whiskey, and Eau-de-Cologne mixed, which he had poured all over his head, and which now diffused an aromatic atmosphere round him. This, with addition of internal lotions taken with a similar object, had the effect of rendering Joe more than usually erratic.

He arrived in a radiant humour, and on the way upstairs jostled accidentally against a stout and puffy old gentleman with a big head.

"Beg pardon," said Joe, politely.

"Beg parding indeed!" retorted the puffy old gentleman inaccessibly; "well you might—pushing and shoving in that manner! Beg parding indeed! I should think so."

The astonished Joe drew back. He was so essentially polite himself even in the most wrathful moments, that the retort of the old gentleman staggered him. Was he—Joe—to be spoken to in this manner, when he had so naively apologised?

"I—beg—your—pardon, sir," he reiterated with haughty distinctness.

"So you said, and I hope you mean it," the old gentleman pompously replied. "Only don't go for to do it again."

Joe's ire rose. He was not going to stand this at all events. Drawing close to the puffy gentleman, he said in low tones but with fearful calmness:—

"I have apologised, sir. But if you were not an old man, sir, after having apologised, sir, I should punch your head."

"Punch my ed, sir!" the old gentleman almost roared.

"James," exclaimed Joe, addressing one of the footmen, "see if you can pick up one of this gentleman's aitches which he has dropped, and if you find it, inform him he will have his head punched as soon as he leaves this house."

The grandeur with which Joe uttered this remark rendered the puffy old gentleman nearly apoplectic. He grew fearfully red in the face, but mastering himself, endeavoured to annihilate Joe with these awful words:—

"Young man, I am the Lord Mayor of London!"

"If you were a Horse instead of a Mayor," retorted Joe, highly delighted with himself, "you could not be a more ill-conditioned brute than you are."

The Lord Mayor was paralysed. Never in all his civic experience had he been spoken to like this. But Joe had not done with him yet.

"James," called Joe over the bannisters, "tell a cabman to drive this fellow to the Mansion House, and bring back a gentleman." With which parting blow Joe left the discomfited magistrate in a state of speechless indignation, and passed towards the ballroom, meeting Alfred on the way. To whom he gleefully related the contest, and instantly demanded to be introduced to the prettiest blonde in the room; at whose feet, Joe said, he was prepared to lay himself and his fortune, and be married immediately, if not sooner.

Mr. Throgmorton, in irreproachable linen, was soothing the irate Lord Mayor, who took both time and suavity to calm his ruffled dignity, when another arrival occurred. It was that of Wire, gaudily decorated, impudent and demonstrative in the house of his employer.

"How are you, sir?" said Wire, on entering, to Throgmorton. "Not the first time we have met to-day, but still happy to meet again, especially in such a turnout as this. Mrs. T., ma'am, you do the thing in style, I must say. What I always maintain is, that City gents can always show the way to do it, even to the West End bucks. Is that Miss Lucy over there? Gad, she is looking beautiful! Dancing with a tremendous buck, too. I must cut in or I shall lose my chance. No need of ceremony, however, between me and Miss Lucy."

He crossed the room to her, and in the pauses of the dance asked her hand, which she coldly declined and turned away from him to her partner. Unabashed, he made for Emily Standard, and despite her indifference persisted in a conversation. And this to Alfred, eagerly watching his love from the doorway in moody discontent, was a second trouble.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AND POLITICS.—Dr. Wise, the musician, being requested to subscribe his name to a petition against an expected prorogation of Parliament in the reign of Charles II., wittily answered, "No, gentlemen, it is not my business to meddle with state affairs; but I'll set a tune to it, if you please."

THE PURITAN'S LEGACY.

(Concluded.)

Master Holdfast Backstop and Master Dockett, the scrivener, appeared on the threshold, the former in a loose doublet (having divested himself of his buff jerkin), and bearing a candle in his hand. The Puritan wore no hat, for he had merely stepped out to light his friend off, and his iron-grey locks were combed sleekly into his eyes. A stout, comfortable-looking man was Master Holdfast, and his nose was red, and he had a fat face and a slow snuffing speech. Hardly a gallant bridegroom he seemed for the fair Cicely.

As he stepped forth, he allowed the scrivener to precede him, and, turning, closed and locked the door behind him. This manoeuvre completely foiled the hairbrained Arthur, who had made a movement to slip in, but who now drew back into the obscurity with a muttered imprecation.

"Truly the night is dark, friend Dockett," said the Puritan; "but the morrow will be the fairer for thee and me and the maiden above in her chamber. I must take care of her, for she is fair. The youth of this world are headstrong when the maidens be fair. Alas for carnal affections!"

"Ay, sir, and yet methinks you yourself covet a share in these same affections; witness your marriage to-morrow," answered the scrivener.

"For my soul's sake, sir; for the comfort of my soul, and for the sake of Cicely also. She hath no one to defend her in these troublous times, while Moab prevaileth. But haste thee homeward, Master Dockett, and prepare the contract. My soul longeth for the consummation."

"What saith Mistress Cicely?" asked Dockett.

"A chaste maiden," answered Holdfast, meekly, "bows to the wisdom of her guardian; Cicely hath been devoutly brought up."

While this was passing Courtley had not been idle. Backing his servant Gads into a corner of the lane, he divested that worthy of the cook's cap and apron, and assumed them himself. Then taking the bundle and the knife, he whispered a word to his coadjutor, who lightly bounded over the edge and vanished into the darkness. Then with the hiccup and gesture of a drunken man, Arthur Courtley made his way towards Holdfast and the scrivener and stumbled right against the Puritan.

"Beg pardon, master—ooo-ooden help it!" he exclaimed.

"What, Baldwin!" returned the Puritan, mistaking him for his dissipated cook. "Why, knave, thou art again drunken!"

"Do say knave, sir," hiccuped Arthur, "it's—it's huffle feelings—feelings good servant. It's not Chris'en remark, sir—not Chris'en mark."

"Christian remark, thou wretched worldling thou! Thou art ever a slave to the sinful love of the bottle—a winebibber art thou. But hast thou done thy marketing?"

"Truly, sir."

"What hast thou bought?"

"Chiefly, sir, a calf's head," answered the supposed cook.

"How, sir? a calf's head for a marriage feast!"

"Ay, sir; you will often find calves' heads at weddings." And Courtley staggered against the Puritan with a drunken laugh.

"Be steady, fellow," exclaimed Holdfast Backstop. "Show me thy purchases. Open thy bundle."

With a sottish chuckle, Arthur stumbled against the scrivener, set his bundle on the ground, and stooped over it. Fair Cicely above had closed the window, yet not so fast but that she could overhear the colloquy.

"Sh knot," muttered Arthur, drunkenly, "sh knot 'sh e'foundly tight—no marra. Can't undo it—no marra. I'll cut e'foundly knot."

Drawing his cook's knife, he lurched with the formidable weapon against the Puritan, almost driving it into that worthy's stomach.

"Prithee, have a care, knave!" cried Holdfast, backing precipitately.

Arthur Courtley staggered into the arms of the scrivener. "Hullo, sir," he exclaimed, flourishing the knife wildly, "you're very careless, sir; you're drunk, sir—beas'ly drunk. Lemme cut your hair."

"Nay, I pray you, master cook—"

"Lemme cut your hair—'sh too long. Look at sh' master's hair: he's cut his close. Lemme cut yours close," persisted Courtley, handling his weapon with alarming freedom.

The terrified scrivener backed hastily away; the no less frightened Puritan ran and offered the door of his house. "Baldwin," he exclaimed, "good Baldwin, go indoors, I entreat. I will see your purchases when you are sober."

"But I want show'm jus' now," cried the supposed Baldwin, still wielding his knife and pursuing his master.

"Nay, nay; go in, sir—in, I command."

Nothing loth, Sir Arthur made for the door, carrying bundle and knife with him. In his perturbation, Holdfast had left the key in the lock. Quietly abstracting this, Courtley turned back.

"Look here," he said, confidentially to Holdfast, pointing to Dockett, "Do lemme cut his hair."

But the Puritan edged him in, and the door closed, leaving Holdfast and Dockett on the outside, Arthur and the door-key within.

"Cicely, my dear," called the Puritan to his ward's window. "Cicely!"

Cicely appeared.

"That knave, Baldwin, is again drunk. Give him no light; it would be dangerous."

"He shall have none, guardian," answered the demure maiden; and the Puritan, wishing the scrivener good night, saw him away, and then turned to re-enter his house.

But there was a difficulty in getting back, which perplexed him. He could not find his key. He searched one pocket, then another, then all his pockets, but it was not in any. He looked on the ground, carefully examining it with the aid of his candle. No, he had not dropped it. He tried the door: that was fast.

The good Puritan uttered an exclamation which was not in accordance with his tenets. It was a very worldly exclamation indeed.

Where could the key be? He must have left it in the door, and it had dropped when that sot Baldwin entered. It would probably be lying in the passage. Meanwhile, here he was, in an under doublet, no hat, in the cold open air, probably catching rheumatism. He called to Cicely in her chamber.

"Cicely, my love—my ward, Cicely!"

"I am undressed, guardian," answered the voice of Cicely. Not that she was; but in love-making truth is not great, and does not always prevail.

"I pray, Cicely, dress yourself, and come down to the passage here, where I have dropped my key. I cannot get in, Cicely," implored the Puritan.

"I come, sir," she answered; and presently her voice issued from the inside of the house-door. "No, guardian," she said, "there is no key lying here."

The poor Puritan shivered. "Oh! dear, dear, what a trial this is! Where can it be got to?" he moaned.

"If it is lost," said Cicely's voice in alarmed tones, "I hope you will have the lock altered. I could not sleep if I thought anybody could get in."

"Well, but meanwhile I can't get in," cried poor Master Backstop.

"You can sleep at a neighbour's," replied the maiden.

"And leave you in the house alone? Never!"

"You can sleep on the door-step."

"And catch cold? How would you like a bridegroom with a cold?"

Cicely laughed saucily.

"Nay, but Cicely, call the housekeeper," whimpered her guardian.

"She is asleep, and her door locked."

"There is drunken Baldwin, perhaps he is sober now. Let him run for a locksmith."

"But," said Cicely, "how can he get out of the house if the door is locked?"

"It is true—alas, true!" muttered the Puritan. "I might go myself, but I have but spare clothing on this carnal flesh, and the village is full of Moabites. They might lock me up. Let me see if the atrocious key be not yet lying in the lane."

He searched carefully with the candle, and in doing so came on the ladder.

"A providence!" he exclaimed, "a providence!" and essayed to climb it. He was by nature a stiff-backed Puritan, and his knees were stiff also. "No," he cogitated, "I might fall; but this will enable Baldwin to descend and get the locksmith. Cicely!" he once more called.

"I am in bed, guardian," answered Cicely from her room.

"Leaving me outside, ungrateful girl—your future husband outside!" exclaimed Master Backstop?

"Really, sir, future husbands should not keep late hours," the maiden rejoined.

"A truce to profane jesting; it suits not a man of my standing and faith," pettishly replied Holdfast. "Get up and waken Baldwin; bid him descend through your window by means of this ladder, which some chimney-sweep must have left here; for I bethink me we had the chimneys swept yesternoon."

"But, Guardy, Baldwin would have to come through my room," remonstrated Cicely, appearing at the window in a night-cap of fascinating coquettishness, which she had hastily put on. "That would never do."

The Puritan implored her to dismiss her scruples, and eventually Cicely gave way. In a few minutes a pair of legs, which the Puritan took for that of his cook, appeared on the top spokes of the ladder. Holdfast impatiently waited at the bottom, and Arthur Courtley slowly descended.

He was a little soberer. That at any rate was a comfort, thought the shivering Puritan, who gave his servant his instructions. With drunken gravity Arthur took the message, professed comprehension, and disappeared down the lane.

"And now, guardian mine," remarked Cicely, shaking her night-cap demurely at the window, "as you will soon be in and your troubles over, I will e'en say good-night." So saying, she closed the window, and Holdfast setting down his candlestick ruefully waited the coming of the locksmith.

In due time he came. Now be it known that the ready Arthur, who had a plan in his head for the utter discomfiture of the old Puritan, had betaken himself and the house-key to his trusty assistant, Gads, who was not many furlongs off waiting instructions. And the locksmith who now arrived was none other than that good servant.

"What's here?" he exclaimed, gruffly. "Who is it wants a locksmith?"

"Prithee, master locksmith," said the Puritan, in piteous tones, for his teeth chattered, "open yonder door. I will light you."

But this Master Gads did not want, as the instrument he held in his hand was the original house-key. "Nothing of the sort," he surlily replied. "Do you think a locksmith needs light to go to work. Keep off with that candle, or beshrew me if I open your door at all."

The Puritan was fain to comply. Fumbling about the lock, the assumed smith managed to insert the key and the door flew open. "There!" he cried.

Holdfast was overjoyed, and essayed to enter. "Stop a bit, master, not so fast," ejaculated Gads, the locksmith. "Pay me my price now that the job is done."

"Assuredly, Master Smith, assuredly will I. And how much owe I you?"

"A crown," returned Gads, with open palm.

"A what?" exclaimed the astonished Puritan, alarmed at the overcharge, for he was miserly at heart.

"You haggle, eh? Faith, then, I'll go up to a noble at once," said Gads.

"A noble!—nay, but prithee Master—"

"And quickly, too, or I'll e'en say an angel, if you bargain me another word."

"Why, thou art a scurrilous rogue!" cried the irate Backstop, in utter wrath at the imposition.

"A what am I?" shouted Gads fiercely. "A rogue, sayest thou, old skinkint? Why, thou scurvy dog, thou—call me a rogue! Rogue in thy teeth, thou bag o' flesh! Thou shalt not enter thy house at all, for thy hardihood. Rogue, forsooth!" And Gads pulled the door to, locked it and withdrew the key. "Now then for thy chance of getting home, thou graceless loon!" With these words and a parting motion of striking him in the face, which Backstop shrinkingly avoided, the locksmith strode away, leaving the door again fast and the unfortunate Puritan more helpless than ever.

There was not even a sign of Baldwin's return; the locksmith was gone, and to heighten his troubles it was commencing to rain!

He was really a good enduring soul, but these trials were almost too much for him, and he would not bear them, if he could possibly help it. So Master Holdfast made a great and heroic effort to get in. He extinguished his candle, put it and the candlestick in his pocket, and essayed to climb the ladder. With many grunts and groans, and much trembling at the knee joints, he eventually succeeded in reaching Cicely's window, and found it fastened.

He knocked. No answer. He knocked again.

"Alas, the maiden sleeth, and I shall never get in, unless I go so far as to break a pane," thought the Puritan. "But what if she waketh suddenly and shrieketh, not knowing me from a robber?"

"What are you doing up there, fellow?" cried a gruff voice below him. "Beshrew me, the scoundrel is a thief, trying to break into the house of a worthy citizen. Men—fire on the thief, and bring him down!"

The Puritan's heart stood still, for he heard the rattle of arquebuses. He turned fearfully, and looking down, saw (for the night was not so dark as before, despite the drizzling rain) about half-a-dozen royalist soldiers, and an officer in charge.

"The Moabites," he muttered. "Nay, gentlemen, gentlemen, do not fire, I pray—I am no thief indeed, but an unfortunate burgess who hath been locked out of his own house." And Master Backstop descended the ladder hurriedly.

Arriving on terra firma, he was seized by the soldiers. In their officer our readers may recognise, though the Puritan did not, the gallant Arthur Courtley.

"Ha!" exclaimed that gentleman, detecting the candlestick in Backstop's pocket, "behold the proof thou art a thief! Villain, thou hast even stolen a candlestick!"

"Nay, nay, sir—good sir—noble sir; but this is my own candlestick: the house is mine, it is all mine," cried Backstop.

"And how comes it," demanded Arthur sternly, "that the master of a house enters his dwelling by windows and ladders, like a night-thief?"

"Because, sir, the door blew to, leaving me on the outside, and I have not the key."

"A plausible excuse, rogue, but it shall not serve thee. Men, conduct this robber to the middle of yonder field and shoot him."

"Oh sir, sir—"

"Silence!" commanded the Cavalier. "An example shall be made."

The poor Puritan uttered a perfect yell of terror. As if in answer to his shriek, a voice from a little way down the lane demanded,

"What's that? who goes there?"

And the owner of the voice made his appearance on the scene. He was an elderly gentleman, who by his address seemed a superior officer in the King's army. The soldiers saluted, and Arthur approaching exclaimed, "My father!"

"How now, sir? On what midnight prank art thou bent now? What dost thou with this old man, who would appear to be a citizen?" asked the elderly officer.

Backstop, seeing a happy intervention in the approach of relief, turned to him imploringly. "Oh sir," he cried, "if you have any influence with your worthy son, pray—pray command him to release me, for he would have me shot, and I am innocent—indeed I am!"

The old gentleman turned sharply to Courtley, and commanded him to state his case. Arthur respectfully complied, and then the Puritan entered on his defence, maintaining he was no thief, but an honest burgess, even Jeremiah Holdfast-to-the-faith Backstop, whilome coppersmith in the parish.

"Backstop!" exclaimed the old officer, "Backstop! Then thou art the man who supplied the troops of Cromwell last year with pans and kettles, while they were in this neighbourhood?"

Holdfast unwillingly confessed he was.

"Which utensils were so bad," continued the old officer, "and so adulterated with poisonous lead, that the army of the rebels on dining out of them were taken violently ill, and meeting the troops of King Charles soon after were easily routed. Master Backstop, you have served the king's cause most eminently!"

The discomfited Puritan, though his honesty was impeached, was willing enough to profit with advantage to his life. Arthur's father demanded the release of the prisoner.

"Pardon me, father and colonel," interposed Courtley, "but if this be indeed the burgess Backstop, I have a still more serious charge. I am in command of this detachment for the purpose of searching the house of the burgess Backstop for a deserter from the ranks of my company, who has been traced to this very house."

"It is false!" exclaimed Backstop; "no one lives there but my servants, and a maiden whom I am about to marry."

"Ho! a deserter—soho!" roared the old colonel. "That is a serious charge, harbouring a deserter. Search the house, my son."

"But, Colonel, I beg—" the Puritan began.

"Silence, sir!" commanded the Colonel. "Lieut. Courtley, you will take two men and search that house, breaking open all doors that resist you. The other men will remain in charge of the prisoner."

"In the King's name!" shouted Arthur, and smash went the Puritan's front-door, while he and two soldiers rushed into the house. At the same moment the

scrivener Master Docket appeared; to whom the poor Puritan made known his troubles.

But what was the astonishment of both Puritan and scrivener, when the young officer re-emerged with a prisoner between them handcuffed! A young soldier in Royalist uniform! Actually the deserter in question!

"So, you have found the culprit," ejaculated Arthur's father. "And where was he hidden?"

"In the room of the maiden, whereof Master Backstop spoke, and whom he is about to marry," answered Courtley.

In Cicely's room! The Puritan uttered a groan. How treacherously he had been deceived by that girl!

"The deserter and the man who hath concealed him," said the colonel, "will both be hung to-morrow."

The Puritan groaned again. To have a faithless love was bad enough; to be deceived on one's wedding eve was worse; but to be hung before a grinning army of Moabites was worst of all.

"Mercy!" he gasped; but the colonel was obdurate. Backstop appealed to Arthur; but the lieutenant was powerless to save. In his extremity the scrivener attempted to comfort his friend.

"Be not dismayed," whispered Dockett, "I will attend thee, take down thy last testament, and see thou art buried decently." But the poor Puritan repulsed such consolation.

Then the party marched the two prisoners into the house. It was noticeable even when a light was struck that the deserter wished to conceal his face from the man he had injured. "I would fain see," thought Backstop, "whether the churl be comely for whom Cicely hath sold her soul;" but try as he might he could not see the soldier's face.

The Colonel took a chair, and called his son, who stood respectfully before him.

"Arthur," said his father, "thou hast been leading a wild sort of life lately."

Arthur hung his head.

"I would thou couldst reform, my son, and prove steadier; for indeed thy happiness is dear to me." The old soldier brushed away a tear, and Arthur penitently burst out with—

"Father, indeed I will try."

"If thou couldst only marry, my son, I should have some hope of thee," pursued the colonel; and Arthur promised to oblige his father in this also.

"Why," said the gratified colonel, "this is indeed an obedient son. Let me see; whom can we get thee for a bride?"

Arthur knew nobody but the maiden, Cicely, upstairs; but the colonel reminded him that her character was not the best, owing to the little affair of the deserter.

"Still," said the old gentleman, "if thou thyself dost not object to any little slur which might be hushed up, I will not on my part protest—on one condition. The damsel must have money."

He turned round to the unfortunate Puritan. "Harkee, sirrah!" he exclaimed. "You are reputed rich; now on one condition I will commute your sentence from being hung into being shot. Thou shalt die like a gentleman."

The Puritan thanked him lugubriously.

"This I will do—perhaps more than this—if thou wilt bequeath thy ward and a couple of thousand crowns to my son here."

The Puritan was startled. True, Cicely could be nothing more to him; but still! Give her to his enemies!

The scrivener whispered in his ear. "Consent man," he said; "the maiden cannot benefit thee; and if this foolish youth will have a wife none of the purest, let him take her by all means. Besides it will please the Colonel here. Who knows but he may save thee?"

"But lose a wife and my money," moaned Backstop.

"Thou art going to lose thy life: what can the rest concern thee?" rejoined the scrivener.

"Hark, friend!" interposed Colonel Courtley here, "do this and thou shalt not suffer. I promise nothing now, for that would be to accept a bribe; but you may trust to my generosity."

So they badgered the Puritan into consenting; and the scrivener drew up a will, by which Backstop bequeathed his ward and two thousand crowns to Lieutenant Arthur Courtley. The Puritan signed the document, and the rest affixed their signatures in witness.

"And now," said the Colonel, "bring down the maiden in question. Let us see if report saith true that she be fair."

"We need not go far to see," rejoined Arthur, and

led forward the deserter. Then, removing the soldier's hat, he disclosed a shower of curls, beneath which peered forth the laughing face of Cicely!

Yes, it was Cicely in *propria persona*, blushing very much at her attire, which love had justified her in assuming. How the Puritan stared! He was overreached, but his enemies had his formal consent in writing to give up a wife and two thousand crowns.

"Then Cicely was not faithless!" he gasped; but the rude Arthur gave him a clap on the back, and called him a jolly old Roundhead.

And then his astonishment grew greater when the venerable papa of Arthur Courtley took off his plumed hat and a wig with it, and disclosed another face too. Here was also a metamorphosis! And into what? Into Gad's, the officer's servant!

How he and his master roared. The Puritan's indignation replaced his fear. He even attempted some words of remonstrance, but the presence of half a dozen soldiers of King Charles restrained him.

"Gads, my friend," said Arthur, "your assistance has been invaluable, and I will requite you handsomely. Master Backstop, I will trouble you with the crowns now, to save bother. Cicely, fairest and dearest of deserters, go and change your attire. Then will we march to the camp, love, and there in the bonds of matrimony I will guard me against future desertion."

"Place Love in the sentry-box, Arthur," said Cicely, "for so long as he stands on the watch, so long deserts no maiden." D. T.

SCHLOSS SCHLUSSTEIN.

When I was quite a young man, after studying in Rome, I had my good father's permission to see the world after my own fashion, and, what would be dangerous to most young men, my purse was kept constantly filled by the exceeding liberality of my best of parents. I journeyed through Spain and Portugal; fought for awhile with Prussia against France; studied Kant in Germany; wandered on foot, a Pilgrim for Beauty, through snowy-peaked Switzerland; strolled through the vineyards of Southern France; explored the art-galleries in Paris; learned to love oatmeal and goat's milk in Scotland; lived on potatoes and "poteen" in the Emerald Isle; and cultivated all kinds of odd tastes in America. In the year 18—, I found myself in the barren district near Schlusstein, in Upper Silesia, and was trudging along, toward evening, with my stout staff in my hand, and good-sized pack upon my back, looking out right keenly for the sign of a habitation wherein I could rest for the night, but was forced to confess that the chances were against me. Here were woods upon my right hand, rocks upon my left, a doubtful sky overhead, and a crooked road in front; not very encouraging, you say. True. But a traveller, such as I was, could not easily be dismayed. I had a canvas covering in my pack, out of which I had many times improvised a very fair tent, and as for staying out in the open air, rain or shine, bah! I was as rugged as a mountain wolf, and beginning to feel about as hungry as those animals are supposed always to be. I had travelled from Bairu since morning; dined with a goat-herd sumptuously; had taken three or four sketches of that grand, rugged landscape, and even with the prospect of the earth for a bed, and no covering but the heavens, I was singing as merrily as an English lark. O, when I think now of that glorious life in the open air, I feel young again! How much delight and inspiration there is in it. Full of health and joy, you sing with the birds and chase the hares; hardy and brave, you laugh at danger, and bound over a cataract with a light foot, or face a brigand with an unquailing eye. A life in the open air! Compare it with your *society* (as it is understood by the mass), artifice, effeminacy, and deceit, against honour, boldness, health, and the highest manhood.

"See you gay goldfinch hop from spray to spray,
Who sings a farewell to the parting day;
At large he flies, o'er hill and dale and down,
Is not each bush, each spreading tree his own?
And canst thou think he'll quit his native brier,
For the bright cage o'erarch'd with golden wire?"

As for robbers, they could find nothing in an artist's pack but a few hasty sketches, some cake-colours, some camel-hair brushes, and a dirty palette. Travellers with packs are too contemptible for your gentleman-brigands; and as for many others—I had my good knotted club, and as quick an eye, and as strong an arm as any. No one would have suspected the traveller's money-belt strapped around his waist.

I had emerged from the shadows of the wood on the one hand, and the rocks upon the other, and found myself upon the edge of a vast plain; it seemed to be miles long and wide, and to be covered with stones and stunted trees; not a building of any kind was in sight, if I except, against the horizon far in the distance, there loomed up a gigantic structure which looked like an abbey, but it was about three leagues off, I thought.

"Some old ruins!" I said, as I strolled forward in the rocky road. It was a most uninviting landscape, the like of which I had met nowhere but in Prussia, and Silesia was famous for its moors and rugged plains. I had not gone far when I heard the tinkle of a bell, and I ran eagerly towards the sound. It proved to be a bell upon a large black goat, and I soon perceived a peasant driving goats before him, towards a hut in a hollow.

"Hoe!" I shouted. "Hoe!"

But he went on unheeding me, and I was about running after him, when I heard the sound of wheels on the road behind me, and on looking back I saw a sort of rustic chariot, much used in those parts, thundering along, drawn by four stout Silesian ponies, the postilions in front whipping the little animals into a full gallop. When the vehicle neared me I shouted to the postilions to stop, but, without heeding, they dashed on; but I saw them strike a huge boulder by the side of the road, and the next instant the chariot was overturned, and the two gentlemen inside thrown out with some violence.

I ran up to tender my assistance, but I found the gentlemen were more frightened than hurt, and had already scrambled up from the ground, cursing the postilions for their carelessness; but what was my joy to discover in them both old friends: one was Chancellor Hahn, attached at that time to the Court of the then reigning Prince Hohenlohe Neuenstein-Ingelfingen, and the other was Carl Kern, cornet in a hussar regiment, who had been taken prisoner by the French in a recent campaign against the Prussians, and had just returned on parole. We had been companions in arms, and of course were dear to each other.

As soon as their curiosity about me was satisfied, I asked:

"Where are you going on this waste, and in such a conveyance, this time in the evening?"

"To Schloss Schlusstein, whither I have been ordered by my Prince," was Hahn's reply.

"And where is that?"

"Do you not see?" He pointed to the large castle far away, which I had mistaken for a ruin.

"Ah! I thought it was a ruined monastery. How long do you tarry there?"

"Till our Prince recalls us," said Carl Kern. "We are waiting for orders. Bah! Do you not see? How dull you are! The Prince says—'Gentlemen, my castle in Upper Silesia is at your service. I do not want to send you far away; you can hunt, ride, fish; you, Chancellor, have grave papers to prepare for the State. Carl Kern can fight no more until he is exchanged; he can be company for you. I banish you with sorrow, and I shall hasten the day when I can recall you both to be the light of the Court of Neuenstein-Ingelfingen!' He shakes our hands, and we are away. We neither hunt, ride, nor fish, because we have couriers almost daily with charts to prepare for Hohenlohe; with maps to draw for Hohenlohe; with a *questio vezata* to be settled for Hohenlohe. Do you not see? We are sent here to work."

"Ha! ha! What a charming wit is Carl!"

But I observe as the Chancellor says this, he makes a wry mouth.

"But I shall still read Kant, and you shall help me," said Carl, turning to me.

"How?" I asked.

"By taking up your quarters with us at Schlusstein."

"I am still dumb."

"We are allowed seven attendants: we have only four. Do you not see?"

"Not yet."

"You are the *fifth* then! What a fool! He cannot see that we draw pay for seven, and have extra wine for our dear companion. You have been living in the Lowlands; you are so stupid."

We all laughed at the clever plan, and nothing loth to cheat His Mightiness the Prince of Hohenlohe Neuenstein-Ingelfingen, and to have an adventure in Silesia, I consented to take a seat in the *briska*, and we were driven to the Castle, arriving there hungry and weary at about nine o'clock in the evening.

An accident, no greater than a carriage upsetting,

ometimes turns men's lives into strange channels; I thought of this when I sat between Hahn and Kern, smoking, after supper, in the old castle; talking politics with the former, and discussing the strange philosophy of Fichte with the latter; for we had both been students of Fichte's philosophy, though I am sorry to say Carl was a confirmed materialist, or more nearly (as Victor Hugo represents it in his glorious revelation of "Les Misérables,") a "nihilist." About ten o'clock we concluded to go to our chambers.

After a great deal of mirth and a great deal of noise, running from one old room to another, we concluded at length to occupy but one chamber, which had, indeed, just three beds in it. It was a corner room on the first floor, the windows looking out on the north and east. On the right, as one entered this room, was a glass door, opening through a wainscot partition, into another room, in which household utensils were kept. This door, it appears, was locked, and indeed we discovered it was generally kept so. Neither in this latter room, nor in the one occupied by ourselves, was there any opening communication from without, except the windows. No one resided at the castle, except two of the Prince's coachmen; pensioners, indeed, and superannuated, and an old woman, Madame Knittel.

On the second evening after our arrival at the castle, we were sitting at a table in the middle of our sleeping room; Carl was reading aloud to the Chancellor and myself, who were smoking those long, rude pipes peculiar to the upper Silesians, when we were interrupted by the frequent falling of small bits of lime over the room. We looked at the ceiling, but could perceive no signs of their having fallen thence. As we discussed the amazing fact, still larger pieces of lime commenced to fall: in fact, it hailed lime, and I felt very uneasy lest the whole ceiling should crumble and fall. However, this ceased after awhile, and my companions, either less afraid, or more philosophical than myself, went to bed. I acknowledge my Silesian briar-pipe to have been that night the comfort of my life. At last I retired, and slept soundly. In the morning, when we awoke, we were astonished at the quantity of lime which covered the floor. Lime on the floor, as though masons had been at work. Lime on the table, as though a plasterer had been at work. Lime on the shelves, as though a modeller had been at work; and lime under the bed, as if some imp had been at work. There it was. You could take it up, raise a dust with it, throw it at the servants, or kill little birds with it; real, hard lime. Where did it come from? Surely they had not been building in the sky, and thrown down the scraps. During the day the servants cleared the room, and looked around with wondering eyes, crossing themselves devoutly when they touched the lime and looked at us. The next evening the same phenomenon occurred; the bits flew about the room, but striking no one but Carl Kern, at which we laughed, and said, "surely it was a ghost." At the same time, loud knockings, like the reports of distant artillery, were heard, sometimes as if on the ceiling; so little did we now begin to fear the knocks, that we sang tunes to them, and had great fun. But when we went to bed our glee was not so boisterous, for we found the infernal knocks prevented us from sleeping; there was a method then in its diablerie! Kern accused Hahn of causing the knockings, by striking on the boards that formed the under portion of his bedstead.

"Indeed you wrong me," said the Chancellor. "I will make a bargain with you. We shall all three stand in the middle of the floor, and if the poundings cease, I am content that you charge me with producing them."

"Agreed!" shouted Carl, jumping out of the bed.

"Agreed!" said I, as I joined the twain.

We stood together in the bright light, holding fast one to the other, and laughing prodigiously.

The knocks were so deafening on the wainscot, ceiling, and beds, that we ran out of the room, almost in terror. It was decided then, that not one of us was playing upon the superstition of the other.

The next evening we requested of Madame Knittel, the entire set of keys belonging to the castle, that we might investigate these mysteries; she immediately sent them up by one of our servants. The Chancellor remained in the sleeping-room above, while Carl and myself went to examine the apartment below; on one side we found an empty room; below that an old kitchen hall. We knocked with all our force, with fists and hammers, but the sounds above were entirely different

from those we had heard up-stairs. For the first time since we had been in the castle, Carl said: "The place is haunted!" And then we laughed at the absurdity of Kern, for how could a man believe in supramundane influences who believed in nothing! Thus sometimes are the hollow creeds of men exposed.

On that evening, when we retired, we left our tapers burning, and one of our attendants on the watch, outside of the door. In a few moments we distinctly heard a sound as if some one, with loose slippers on, were walking across the hall. Carl called to the servant outside, thinking it was Madame Knittel, or one of the old coachmen.

"Send that prowler to bed, Nikko!"

"Indeed, your excellency, I hear the steps, but see no one," replied Nikko, from the outside.

And now we heard the steps, shuffling along all over the room, and this was accompanied with a noise of thumping, as of a walking-stick, on which some one was leaning, striking the floor step by step; the person most frequently pausing, as near as we could judge, by Carl Kern's bedside. When this was settled, we laughed still more at our gallant soldier, "that we knew he had committed some great crime, else the ghost had been laid ere this." But to our banter Carl replied not, and seemed distressed at these occurrences, more than he would speak. As for myself, I was not affrighted, began at last to watch for the sounds with real interest, wishing to see what new phenomena would occur.

"Wonder upon wonder's head!" next evening the agency, whatever it was, began to throw various articles about the room; knives, brushes, caps, slippers, dressing-gowns, a funnel, snuffers, soap, in short, whatever was loose about the apartment. Even the candlesticks flew about from one corner of the apartment to the other. If the articles had been allowed to remain as they fell, the apartment would have been in utter confusion; at the same time, at intervals, fell more lime, but on this occasion the knockings were discontinued.

On this evening we gathered together the servants, the watchmen, and, in fact, every living soul about the place, and still the disturbances continued. From the table, under our very eyes, snuffers and knives would occasionally rise, remain some time in the air, and then fall to the floor. In this way a large pair of scissors, belonging to Carl, fell between him and one of the coachmen, and remained sticking in the floor.

"I will ask to be relieved from Schlusstein," said Chancellor Hahn, one night, when our rest was more than ever broken.

"I will resign my service in the Prince's army, rather than endure it," remarked the Cornet.

And the next day, sure enough, two couriers were dispatched (each bearing a great letter, with monstrous seals attached), to the Prince of Hohenlohe Neuenstein-Ingelfingen, and in three days more word came from that gracious potentate, as follows:—

"That his beloved Chancellor Hahn should remain one week longer at the Castle, to draw up the settlements for Leignitz, and Schweidnitz, and that his brave Cornet Kern should finish the map of the topography of Breslaw, on the Oder River, when he would send for them to appear at his Court, then holden at Hohen-Friedburg, when great rejoicing would take place at the return of the great, etc. As ever, with greeting, "INGELFINGEN," (with great seals, etc.)

I therefore made my arrangements to proceed on my journey at the close of a week. I had, indeed, improved my time during my stay at the castle, by sketching all the objects of interest in the vicinity. My picture, which took the prize at the Academy, in 18—, was a sunrise in Upper Silesia, from a sketch which I took while staying at the Prince's Castle at Schlusstein.

I came into our chamber about noon the next day, and was surprised to find Carl standing in front of a large mirror, and as I came suddenly into the room, I heard a faint groan escape from Kern, who was ghastly pale; his eyes dilated, his knees trembling, and his right hand pointing towards the mirror. The spectacle of the Cornet so fearfully moved, startled me, I ran to the mirror hastily, and looked over his shoulder. Heavens! what a sight I beheld! I shall never forget it while I live.

I saw the full figure of Carl reflected, plain and distinct; while before him, in the mirror, appeared a female figure, clothed in spotless white, whose large, sad eyes, were fixed upon my friend. I gazed upon this apparition, with awe, and, most wondrous to relate, I could see right through it to the figure of Carl Kern behind it. It was a FORM WITHOUT A BODY!

Kern staggered from the spot, and did not speak for some minutes, and, when he did, he averred that he

had just casually looked in the glass, when he beheld the figure, and gazed upon it in stupid horror, his fear each moment increasing."

The Chancellor ridiculed our story, and stood before the "magic mirror," as he called it, saying, in a loud voice:

"I invoke the white woman, or her spirit, or any or all, good or bad. I am waiting!"

But he could see nothing, and still laughed and called us "superstitious peasants."

The stories of these occurrences had spread over the entire district, and had been received by most people with incredulity; among the rest, by two Bavarian officers of dragoons, named Magerle and Serri; the former preferred to remain alone in the room, so the others left him there about twilight. But we had been but a short time in the opposite room when we heard Magerle swearing loudly, and also the sounds as of sabre-blows on beds, tables, and chairs. So for the sake of the furniture, at least, we judged it prudent to look in upon the doughty officer. When we asked him what was the matter, he replied, in a fury:

"As soon as you left, the cursed thing began pelting me with lime, and other things; I looked everywhere but could see nobody; so I got into a rage, and cut with my sabre right and left, high and low."

That night's experience proved enough for the officers of dragoons, and they left the castle next day.

Inspector Knetch, from Koschentin, resolved to spend a night at the castle, and came, accompanied by a bookseller, named Dürsel, and the head ranger of the Prince, named Radezensky.

Everything was quiet during the evening, but when we retired to bed, the candles still burning, two table napkins rose to the ceiling in the middle of the room, there spread themselves out, and finally dropped, fluttering to the floor. A porcelain pipe-bowl, belonging to Carl, flew around and broke to pieces. A knife fell on Dürsel's head, striking him, however, with the handle only. The noises became so great, that the beds were carried into another chamber by the servants, but a chalybeate-water bottle deliberately walked after the departing ones, and followed them into their new quarters.

The day before the one fixed for the return of Chancellor Hahn and the Cornet to the Prince I had been out hunting, and was well laden with game, beside having the shoulders of my attendant from the castle strapped with hares.

It was nearly evening when we entered Schlusstein, and although I shouted for servants in the lower part, not one was visible, and grumbling at Madame Knittel and the whole group of lazy beggars, I made my way up-stairs to our common room, which I found full of people; men were muttering: a woman was weeping (Madame Knittel), and when I pushed through the throng, I saw my dear Carl stretched upon the bed. His face was very pale, but calm. Chancellor Hahn was chafing his hands; a man had just rushed off for a doctor, but I saw at a glance it was too late.

Carl was dead.

Hahn had told me, that Kern had, a few moments before, looked into that fatal mirror, uttered a groan, and, staggering to the bed, was a corpse before he reached it.

The Prince reached the castle himself, two days after the news of these dreadful events, and after an attempted investigation, he ordered it to be abandoned entirely. Shortly after a few monks of the order of St. Benedict, asked permission of the Prince to repair Schlusstein, and use it as a monastery, which consent was soon given, "if only," as the Prince remarked, "to exorcise the demons dwelling thereabout." Upon tearing away a portion of the old kitchen, beneath the heavy flags, the skeleton of a human body was discovered. It was that of a female; was walled in, and without a coffin; the skull was split open, and by its side lay a rusty, bloody broken sword.

By its state of decomposition, scientific men declared that the body had been there for at least twenty years, and the investigation of the matter never went any further than the examination.

In conclusion, it matters nothing to me whether others believe my narrative or not. I recollect very well what I myself thought of such things before I had actually witnessed them, and I take it ill of nobody that he should pass upon them the same judgment which I would have passed previous to experience. A hundred witnesses will work no conviction in those who have made up their minds never to believe in anything of the kind. I give myself no trouble about such persons. It would be labour lost.

The Country House.

BOUDOIR.

Among "fashionable movements" recently recorded, one of the distinguished family, "the Great Diamonds," has just changed its residence. The Sanci stone belonged, as far back as the heralds of the *Ars Lapidaria* traced it, to Charles the Bold of Burgundy. Thence it came into the keeping of the Italian House whose name it bears. But it was too magnificent for private life, and early in its glittering career it passed into the jewel chamber of France. Louis XIV. wore it at his coronation; so did Louis XV. It was set in a sceptre, and afterwards in a crown of state. But when the mob sacked the Tuileries, in 1789, the Sanci diamond got into sans-culotte keeping, and was lost sight of till the Queen of Ferdinand VII. of Spain purchased it for a sackful of doubloons. She gave it to Godoy, of Peace, and from his unworthy hands it passed to the Demidoffs, for your Rusians are great collectors of diamonds. Now it has just been sold for 21,000*l.* to Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, the Parsee Baronet of Bombay, and even in India, the home of jewels, it is likely to shine peerless. What stories these great gems would tell if they could speak! and what is to come of them all, and what are we to do for proverbs of costliness and beauty, if Philosophy keeps its word, and some day manufactures their rivals of any size and water you like. Happily, though philosophers can burn the diamond and make cokes of the "Mountain of light," they cannot yet crystallise its ashes back again into the sparkling stone. The only sources still for these bright munitions of Beauty are mines like Golconda and Ellora, where the Hindoo bends for patient days over the gravel-drift, and the Brazilian streams, where the negro hunts for "the stone of seventeen carats," which gives him liberty. We cannot match Nature's workshop yet as these dainty colours and imperishable crystals; we can melt our pearls, like Cleopatra, but we must go to the oyster to find them. The Czar of Russia is collecting, they say, a necklace for his Czarina of stones like a pigeon's egg; not one of which must ever have been worn on any neck before, and each of which must be of perfect hue and unimpeachable form. The imperial fancy is not a folly yet. Her Majesty will long carry the revenues of a kingdom upon her breast and defy philosophers; while Beauty, taking heart at the Sanci diamond, may still be proud of her jewel-case.

A recent traveller tells us how ladies in Europe may economise much money in the purchase of the article of lace, if they will but follow the custom of the intelligent females of Watani. He says these ladies have, with great artistic skill, copied old point lace berthes on breast and shoulders, of the most elaborate designs, by means of tattooing. Of course there is no visible reason why idea should not be carried out to the fullest extent and the like intimation of design for other articles be copied in tattooing, and render the original unnecessary. The notion has pleased French people exceedingly, and no doubt they will diligently search in the works of this traveller after other curious fashions for the Jardin Mabille and so forth.

A curious chapter could be written by the satirical philosopher on the vagaries of fashion in female dress. In old engravings our ancestresses look hideous. The female waist seems to have no proper *locale*; sometimes—if these old engravings are to be trusted—it is at the armpits, sometimes immediately above the hips. Then the head-dresses and the bonnets—who shall describe them? Yet these women were loved; and Strephon in puce coloured coat, and long flowered satin vest, and rapier and shoe buckles, and cocked hat under his arm, and hair powdered with the barber's utmost skill, bowed his compliments in the ball room to Chloe, rouged, black patches on her cheek, her hair frizzed up into strange architecture, and her waist wherever her dressmaker might choose to place it. The fashions of more recent periods will be found in the etchings of George Cruikshank and in the pages of *Punch*. Curious enough some of these. What "guys" our mothers made of themselves to be sure. There is little doubt that the present style of female dress, when crinoline is kept in moderation—the looped-up winey, the scarlet-petticoat, the strong comfortable boots—is the best for outdoor exercise that has ever been in vogue. In rainy or frosty weather a lady can now visit her friends or perform little charitable messages without the aid of private carriage or hired cabs. It is however, at the theatre, the concert, the dancing party, and the dinner

table that the present extraordinary extension of female skirt becomes a nuisance and a bore. A lady dressed for a public occasion, sitting alone in a cab, occupying the entire vehicle, her dress surging up to her ears, while her husband is forced to take his seat beside the driver, is one of the most comical sights which the world presents. At public gatherings dresses are being continually torn, and the sweetest tempers ruined in consequence. At a promenade progression is every now and again an impossibility; at a dancing party a slim young man has frequently to stand up with a lady whose exuberant skirts makes her as rotund as a haystack, and the awkward man is being continually caught in a lady's hoops as certainly as ever a hill fox was caught in a trap, and finds extrication nearly as difficult too. And then, to sum up the indictment against the present style of dress, just think of a largely be-crinolined domestic servant. She is an incarnate earthquake; ruined crockery is in her wake; she sweeps fire-irons from the fender every time she turns; she upsets chairs, and is nearly as trying to the nervous man as the organ-grinder was to Mr. Babbage. On the whole, there is much to be said for a moderate amplitude of skirt. It would never do—in a climate like an English one at least—to have our women clad like the female figures we see on Etruscan vases. But there should be moderation in all things; and we are glad to notice that the Empress of the French, who is mainly responsible for the whole movement, is beginning to call a halt. We trust that her later example will be followed as well as her earlier one.

But another alteration of fashion dates from Paris—a new coiffure, which consists in bringing forward upon the brow and temples, a portion of the back hair, which is curled into small ringlets and gives a silly, unnatural expression to even the prettiest face. This fashion, like the majority of those which have obtained precedence within the past eight or ten years, is the result of expediency on the part of Eugenie. The fact is, her Majesty is growing old. At thirty-seven, Spanish women are seldom well-preserved, and her front hair has almost all fallen out. To hide these ravages of time, Caumont, the Empress' hairdresser, has made an ingenious use of the back hair, and the *monde* may still remain in ignorance of the imperial capillary loss, in fact, will remain blind to the subterfuge, and will adopt the new fashion with an eagerness not at all conducive to respect for female penetration. The young and the beautiful will throw aside their physical advantages and adopt fashions which must render them as *outré* as the leader of these new styles, who henceforth will have but one object, that of hiding the defects and ravages of time.

Eugenie's waist is losing its exquisite contour, and already we hear that the short-waisted dresses of the First Empire are coming once more into fashion. When some such style shall have been adopted by the Empress of the French, we shall doubtless find all over Christendom the fashion obtaining precedence over every other; in fact, as long as Eugenie cares to rule the beau monde, as long as she can find courage and health to struggle against advancing old age and loss of beauty, just so long shall we find the fair sex the abject slaves and imitators of the whims, fancies, or expedients of this lady. We must admit that this fact does not speak volumes in favour of the good sense or discrimination of womankind. We should like to see our own girls make a greater show of independence, but fear that in this we shall never be gratified. So *vogue la nouvelle coiffure*, of which we shall doubtless see more than enough.

The subject of dress brings to mind an anecdote of a Roman Catholic clergyman of our acquaintance, residing not many miles from Limerick, who takes particular delight in having the rents in the clothing of the children of his parishioners made whole whenever he observes them. It is quite usual for him whilst riding along the road making visits, to quickly alight from off his horse, and pursue an urchin until he captures him. The considerate priest takes him a prisoner to his maternal parent, and, if she be not provided with needles and thread, he produces them himself, with which he makes her perform the work in his presence. Some short time since during a ride he met an old man who had once occupied a respectable position, but latterly from adverse fortune, resorted to the alehouse to drown his troubles. His pantaloons were torn in many parts, and he was cautioned to get them mended immediately. He replied he would do so, but neglected it. Soon after the interview he was met again by the clergyman, and the torn garment not

having been mended, he received a sound caning for his disobedience. On the arrival of the priest at his own residence he was somewhat astonished to find the old man sitting on the door step, and, in reply to an interrogation, he said that he had come for a good trousers. His application was granted, and his personal appearance has since undergone a sensible change for the better.

DRAWING-ROOM.

A ball in California is opposed to one's ideas of what a ball should be, in this world of pink and white, fans and flirts, beauty and bouquets, captains and camillas, guards' waltzes, large skirts, fluttering hearts and suppers à la russe. There is nothing of this in the land of gold. The following is the account of a ball there; we give it in the words of a "travelled man":—

It was a long room, lit with candles hung against the wall in tin sconces; the company—if variety is really charming—was perfect; the costumes, as a rule, were more suggestive of ease than elegance; scarlet shirts and buckskin (I must say it, ladies) "pants" were in the ascendant. The boots, as a rule, being of the species known as Wellingtons, were worn outside the trousers, inducing the latter indispensables to assume a bunchiness about the knees not calculated to display the symmetry of the leg to advantage; very few had any jackets on, but all, without exception, wore a bowie knife and six-shooter in their waistbelts. The ladies' costumes were equally varied; most of them wore bright-coloured muslins, of very large patterns, and showy waist-ribbons, tied behind in a large bow, with streamers down to their heels. The dance was just "down" when I came into the room. I saw a few citizens I had met in the day, but each one seemed to have his "fancy gal," and any chance of getting an introduction was a vain hope. The fashion, I discovered after, is either to bring or meet your partner at the ballroom, and dance with her, and her only, all the evening. A waltz was called, and I wanted a partner. Looking round, I spied out a lady sitting near the end of the room, who evidently had not got one. She was in the same place when I entered the room, and it was clear to me, by her unruffled appearance, that she had not danced for the evening. "Faint heart never won fair lady," might, I imagined, apply as forcibly to dancing as to wooing or fighting; if I am snubbed, it won't be all the world, and I suppose I shall live it down—so here goes. Walking boldly up to her, I asked coolly, but rather apologetically, if she would try a waltz.

"Guess, stranger, I ain't a fixed up for waltzing."

"Perhaps, Madam," I said, "you will excuse me although unknown to you, if I ask you to dance the next cotillion with me."

Looking into my face with an expression half doubt, half delight, she said:

"Stranger, I'll have the tallest kind of pleasure in putting you right slick through a cotillion, for I've got, and set here, like a blue chicken on a pine log, till I was like to a grow'd to the seat." This satisfactorily arranged, I sat down by her side until the waltz finished, to have a good look at, and trot out my new innamorata. She was a blonde beauty, with fair hair, and light gray eyes, that flashed and twinkled roguishly. She was robed in some white material, with blue ribbons in her hair and round her waist—a mountain sylph, that any wanderer in want of a partner would have deemed himself lucky to have stumbled on. Our conversation was rather discursive, until I discovered that home politics, or rather the duties and requirements of a gal at hum, was a never-failing spring from which to draw fresh draughts of household knowledge. At last the cotillion was called by the M. C., and again I heard—"Take your places, salute your partners;" the fiddlers started the same kind of jiggling tune, and away we went.

Now allow me to enlighten the uninitiated in the mysteries of a cotillion: it's a compound, complicated kind of dance, evidently constructed from the elements and fragments of many other dances—a good deal of quadrille, a strong taste of lancers, a flavour of polka and waltz; the whole highly seasoned with Indian war dance. You never stand still, neither can you lounge and talk soft nothings to your partner. No; it's real, *bond fide*, honest dancing. I soon discovered why the men had left off their jackets—a trained runner could not have stood it in clothing. My jacket and waistcoat soon hung on a peg, and, red-shirted like the rest, I footed it out gallantly. My partner was a gem, with the endurance of a ballet-girl in pantomime time. How many cotillions we got through I never clearly remem-

bered; but we danced on till the gray morning light, stealing in through the windows, warned the revellers that Old Sol was creeping up from behind the eastern hills, and that the day, with all its cares and toils, was near at hand once more. My fair partner positively refused to allow me to see her home. Being a casual acquaintance and not a lover, I suppose, of course that it was highly proper on her part. I thanked her sincerely, for I really felt grateful to her for enabling me to dance away a night that I had destined for a long, luxurious repose. With a hearty good-night, we parted never to meet again.

It was a glorious morning—the air cool and fresh, the sky unclouded by a single cloud. The sun was just tipping the hilltops with rosy light, and peeping slyly into the valleys, as I wandered out to think over my strange adventure. My way led by chance up the back of the street, and out by a little stream to the gold washings. Early as it was, all was bustle and activity. Many of my friends of the ball were now wrestling the yellow ore from its hiding places, the anticipation of gold dispelling all sense of fatigue. (The want of water is a great drawback to these diggings. So valuable is it, that it has been brought by a small canal a distance of thirty miles, and is rented by the miners at so much a cubic foot.)

I lingered here some time, for there is much to see, then turned my steps towards my inn, through the city.

"Say—Cap'en—here—hold on!"

I turned and saw a man in a one-horse dray, whipping up his horse, and violently gesticulating for me to stop. He soon came up, and jumping out of the dray, seized my hand, and shook it with a grip that made my very eyes water.

"Guess you ain't acquainted with this child?"

I said no. I had not the pleasure of knowing him.

"I spotted you, Cap'en, jist as soon as ever I seed you making tracks down the street. My gal, Car'line, told me how she put you through all the dances last night!"

It suddenly flashed upon me that the drayman was my partner's papa. Here's a lively go! If he does not ask me my intentions, and riddle me with a six-shooter if I don't marry his "gal" at once, I shall deem myself the most fortunate of men. I civilly said, in reply, that I found his daughter a most admirable partner.

"I rather guess you did, Cap'en; she's all watch-spring and whalebone, she is. Can't skeer up a smarter gal than 'Car' in these parts, if you was to do your darndest. She? Why, she's worth her weight in nuggets to the man as gets her."

I felt cold all over. I thought 'twas coming.

"You must excuse me," I said, "my breakfast is waiting, and I dare say we shall meet again."

(I knew that this was an awful twister.)

"I'm sure we shall, Cap'en—let's licker."

So we adjourned to the nearest bar-room, and took an eye-opener, and I escaped from the drayman. I drew a deep breath, and felt as if I had got clear from the claws of a grizzly bear, made for the inn as fast as I could, gobbled up a hasty breakfast, packed up my goods, and, with my Indian guide, started for my camp.

Often I turned and gazed anxiously over the plain, expecting I should see the drayman, his daughter Caroline, and a priest, in hot pursuit, and there and then, on Shasta plains, an Indian for a witness, I should be, *volens volens*, linked to my fair-haired partner for a life's cotillion.

Such was my first and such was my last, my only night in Yreka. All's well that ends well; and I trust the fair Car'line has as pleasant a remembrance of the Cap'en as he has of her.

I found my camp all right, saddled up, and set off on my perilous journey through the wilds of Oregon.

LIBRARY.

A book, entitled "Le Jésuite," by l'Abbé XXX., is creating an immense sensation in Paris, as it probably will in England, where the subject will ensure its success. Here it is the book of the day. The first volume contains curious anecdotes, as well as minute details on the organisation and discipline of the Jesuit colleges, especially revealing the system of espionage and repression employed in the training of young lads, and examples of the interpretation put by the fathers on the political events of the day, as also an account of M. Dupin's celebrated visit to Saint Acheul. It is evident that an eyewitness alone could reveal these mysteries; even the cypher used by the Jesuits in their secret correspondence is published. The author extracts

from the "Archives of the Jesu" copies of most curious Spanish despatches written by Father Martinez, which explain the expulsion of the Jesuits by Charles III. The chapters on the secret societies of Rome, the Carbonari, the Ferdinandini, &c., have all the intrinsic value of historic documents. The details are given of the conclave which preceded the election of Pius IX. The writer contrasts the first conclave held by the Apostles at Jerusalem, the object of which was to appoint a successor to the traitor Judas, with the intrigues of a set of old men professedly met together to name a Vicar of Jesus Christ, their real object being to hit upon a temporal prince capable of carrying out the political schemes of such and such a party.

The following list of crowned heads who have, like Napoleon III., appeared before the world as authors, is published by the Paris papers:—Charlemagne wrote a book against the doctrines of Felix d'Urgel, and one on the question of the worship of images; the Emperor Frederick II. was the author of a treatise on hunting; Maximilian I. wrote the genealogies of several illustrious men; Charles V. wrote a treatise on art, and an account of his reign; Chilperic celebrated the Dogma of the Trinity in verse; Alfred the Great composed hymns; Marguerite d'Orléans, Queen of Navarre, wrote the "Marguerite des Marguerites," and the "Contes de la Reine de Navarre;" Queen Elizabeth of England translated "Sallust" and "Sophocles;" Mary Stuart read at the Louvre a Latin discourse of her own composition, and also wrote poetry; Charles IX. produced a poem on hunting; Marguerite de Valois left behind her Poems and Memoirs; Henry IV. translated "Caesar's Commentaries;" a portion of the same work was translated and published by Louis XIV.; Henry VIII. of England obtained his title of "Defender of the Faith" for his treatise against Luther; James I. wrote several controversial works and his famous treatise against tobacco; Peter the Great composed treatises on naval subjects; the Emperor of China, Hoam-Ti, who built the great wall, wrote several works; Louis XVIII. composed anonymously comedies and fables; Napoleon I. made some valuable annotations on the "Commentaries of Caesar;" and Napoleon III. is the author of works on artillery and on pauperism in France. Now he has produced his *magnum opus*.

"We beg leave to state that it is impossible to return rejected communications." This notice, printed in italics, is to be found in nearly every serial. Nevertheless, we have seen rejected manuscripts returned; but an account lately published by Mr. John Hollingshead makes us wonder at the politeness that prompted the act. He says:—"In one leading weekly journal of general literature, published in London, under the editorship of a distinguished novelist, the weekly average of manuscripts, on all subjects and of all sizes, sent in from unknown, unsolicited writers, has been about sixty. This flood of unprinted literature, floating towards and swept away from this particular journal, has been ebbing and flowing for ten years, during which time at least thirty thousand articles, tales, sketches, poems, and plays, have been offered for insertion, and not thirty have been found worthy of a place. A few even of this small number had to be entirely re-written, as their style and construction were not equal to their subject matter." The return of all these rejected papers would entirely employ one man's time; yet amateurs generally endeavour to hear the fate of their compositions, which, if they have not been mislaid, result in their immediate return. Like all amateur work, these lucubrations are immensely valuable in their owner's eyes. At Sheffield an amateur poet brought an action to recover damages for the loss of some manuscripts destroyed by the bursting of the reservoir, and estimated their value at the sum of £1,000. But a case more nearly affecting authors, editors, and publishers has occurred this week. An action was brought in the Sheriffs' Court by an authoress, who sought to recover £50 damages for the non-return of a manuscript sent to the publisher of "Good Words." The principal witness was the well-known poetess, Miss Isa Craig, who forwarded a portion of the manuscript for the Plaintiff. Miss Craig said she believed that editors of magazines, as a rule, did not hold themselves responsible for lost copy, but as an act of civility to an author a manuscript would be returned if the writer applied for it. His honour held that the Defendant was not liable. The plaintiff was therefore non-suited, with costs, but the publisher generously waived his claim.

Messrs. Moxon & Co., of Dover Street, Piccadilly, have published a medallion portrait of Alfred Tennyson,

in silver, bronze, and other materials, from a model by Thomas Woolmer. The poet's face is nearly three-parts seen, and relieved in the manner employed by Lorenzo Ghiberto, the famous Florentine sculptor. The fine head of the poet has met with worthy treatment at the hands of both painter and sculptor. Mr. Watts on the one hand, and Mr. Woolmer on the other, might satisfy the most exacting of admirers. The artists have each striven to make the most of a head both intellectual and picturesque, and each has secured those marks of individuality in which the laureate's countenance is pre-eminently strong. The medallion is adapted for, and would form a noble centre ornament for a book-case.

Mr. Mark Lemon, in his work entitled "Loved at Last," gives the following humorous dialogue respecting a wife's epitaph:—

"Her name was Sarah—simply Sarah," said Jacob, as if the fact were a testimony to the modest nature of the departed. "She was of late years—68," he continued referring, at the same time, to an old pocket-book; "but, according to my reckoning, we lost three years or so from not keeping a check upon her birthdays. But put her down at 68: she must have known her own age better than any one else." Mr. Wycherley wrote "Aged 68." "Would you said 'aged'?" asked Selwyn: "I don't think she would have liked that. Say in her 68th year if you please." Mr. Wycherley wrote as he was requested. "She was an excellent cook, Wycherley, and made hams better, I think, than any woman in the country," said Selwyn, with a pardonable feeling of pride. "I don't think we can put that in her epitaph," remarked Wycherley. "No, no, perhaps; but it's a pity. It ought to go down, as it might have stimulated other young women to have as much said of them," said Selwyn; adding, after a pause, "She was good at figures, and taught me to cypher when we were first married; that can't go down either, I suppose? She was a very tidy woman, and made others tidy; broke in a lot of good servants, who never had a kind word to say for her, I dare say; that can't go down, I suppose?" "It would be difficult to express it," answered Wycherley. "Picking and preserving—she was a great hand at both," said Selwyn, with an enquiring look; but, receiving no encouraging response from his amanuensis, he took another shot. "Always early with her chickens and turkeys, and pretty nigh found herself in clothes. What do you say to that? That ought to go down." Mr. Wycherley replied, "Well, I think all the good qualities you have enumerated, Selwyn, must be compassed in 'She was an excellent wife.'" "Ah, that she was," said the bereaved husband, "and it's hard she can't have it put stronger than that. She was affectionate, Wycherley." "Yes, I'm sure of that." Sometimes rather too affectionate, and showed a little unnecessary anxiety about me. I used to vex her sometimes, just to try her temper." "And how did you find it?" said Wycherley, slowly. "Well, it varied—sometimes smooth enough, at other times warm—perhaps very warm; but, as her good qualities can't be set out at length, I won't have her infirmities advertised in the churchyard."

HOUSEKEEPER'S ROOM.

The custom of treating wine with plaster has been often declared by medical men to be perfectly allowable in a hygienic point of view, and in a paper addressed last week to the Academy of Sciences, M. G. Chancel shows that it is beneficial to the wine under certain circumstances. Plaster, or sulphate of lime, acts upon wines in different ways, but its action is always de-fecating and purifying. Experiment shows that the quantity of grapes yielding one litre of wine in the South of France contains 8 or 9 gms. of tartar, and yet the wine obtained only contains 2 gms. to 2½ gms. of this salt per litre. A large quantity of bi-tartrate of potash therefore remains in the dregs. This shows that the solubility of this salt in wine is very small. When plaster is brought into contact with wine its reaction is exercised on a solution which, during the action, may draw a fresh supply of tartrate from the dregs. The result obtained from plastering wine in the vat, or plastering the wine already fermented and drawn off, are therefore different. The addition of a sufficient quantity of plaster to wine causes nearly the total quantity of potash contained in the grape to pass into the wine under the form of a tartrate, and thus to increase the proportion of tartaric acid in the liquid. Hence it is not surprising that plastered wine can deposit at least as much tartar in the casks as common wine does. Hence, also, the dregs of highly-plastered wine lose a very considerable quantity of potash. M.

Chance arrives at the following conclusions:—1. That plaster causes at least one half of the tartaric acid contained in the dregs to pass into the wine. 2. That it increases the proportion of acid principles in wine, heightens its colour, and secures its stability. And 3. That it introduces into wine, under the form of a sulphate, the greater part of the potash in the dregs under the form of a bitartrate.

The cook of Mr. Chorley, of Leeds, was recently sent to prison for a month, charged with stealing dripping. She claimed it as one of her perquisites. On Saturday week about 12,000 persons assembled in front of the gaol, so as to give the liberated culprit an ovation, but, as the expiration of the term had not been accurately termed, the mob adjourned to the residence of the prosecutor, Mr. Chorley, who is a borough magistrate. In answer to the cries of the crowd, Mr. Chorley, so states a local paper, appeared on his doorstep, and was welcomed with a volume of groans and shouts, prominent among which was "Dripping, dripping." In response to this the worthy magistrate bowed and took off his hat. This likewise was groaned at, upon which Mr. Chorley placed his thumb upon his nose and spread his fingers out, or in other language, "took a sight." This act provoked a storm of yells, and lumps of wet snow were thrown at him. He then commenced to make a speech, in which he stated that he had been robbed shamefully, and if ever any future cook did the same, instead of one month she should have two. This declaration was badly received by the crowd, who jeered the speaker unmercifully. Eventually Mr. Chorley, amid a perfect shower of groans and dripping snow-balls, retreated into the house. Another demonstration was made on Wednesday, when the mob, numbering some 10,000 persons, again proceeded to the gaol to welcome the discharge of the woman, but, as in the previous instance, were disappointed. They then swarmed in the direction of Park-square, and congregated in front of Mr. Chorley's residence. The police were unable to cope with the mob, and, as danger of a riot was apprehended, an additional force of police was telegraphed for to Bradford, and the military were called from York. Before the arrival of this formidable body, however, the great "dripping row" had terminated.

OUT OF DOORS.

The occupants of a second-class carriage, journeying on the Midland railway one day recently, received at a certain station an addition to their number in the shape of a comfortable-looking country woman, carrying in her arms a bundle which, after seating herself, she partly rested upon the knees of the opposite traveller, a sour-visaged old gentleman, who resented the liberty by exclaiming, "Don't make a shelf of me, ma'am. I think the guard's van or under the seat would be best for baggage." Here the train entered a tunnel, and all was darkness but not silence; an infant, seemingly alarmed at the situation, commenced crying loudly, and gave out squeal after squeal until the train emerged into daylight, when curious glances were cast round the compartment, but no miniature sample of humanity was visible. Then came another tunnel, with a second edition of darkness, and again the troublesome baby poured forth its lamentations, while the voice of a female was heard vainly endeavouring to soothe her charge, with which at length she seemed to be exasperated, and which, regardless of consequences, she slapped and cuffed most unmercifully. As before, with light the tumult subsided, but the curiosity of all was raised to the highest pitch. Each one appeared suspicious of the rest. The old gentleman positively scowled at his *vis-à-vis*, the countrywoman. She was set down in his mind as the inhuman baby-beater, and he intimated, as far as looks can speak, that her bundle concealed the ill-used little creature. "I insist, ma'am," he observed, with a harsh and authoritative air, "that you place that package beneath the seat, or I shall summon the guard." "D'ye think its pison?" said the suspected female, as she complied with the request; but the "baby" again cried beneath the seat. What mournful, piteous utterances! The hapless infant was surely being suffocated. "Shameful!" "Brutal!" "Monstrous!" and other expressions of indignation went round. Could glances have killed, the countrywoman had breathed her last. She did not, however, seem to realise the position, judging from the cool manner in which she took the bundle from its resting place and prepared to depart as the train drew up at a station. This proceeding did not suit the old gentleman. He was determined to have the mystery solved,

and thrusting his head out of the window cried lustily for the guard. That functionary came up, and was informed of the cruel treatment to which an infant had been subjected, and was requested to examine the countrywoman's bundle. "Me tie up a baby in here," cried the accused; "if I did, then, it was one of fourteen at a birth; and she smiled, meanwhile untying the knots and exposed the presumed infant, which assumed the shape of a sucking pig prepared for market. "Then where is the child?" cried several voices. "Well, I'm afraid," observed the guard, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "that the child is rather an old one; for I see you've got Mr. Thurton, the ventriloquist, up in the corner there;" whereupon the old gentleman observed that he considered that it would be far better if Mr. Thurton confined his performance to the stage, without making disturbances in railway carriages and fools of the passengers.

Pastime.

REBUSES.

I.

1. A province of Russia, whose climate is cold;
 2. A house of refreshment, where liquors are sold;
 3. A metal which we do in many forms use;
 4. And one who to utter base falsehoods doth choose;
 5. What in winter affords us abundance of sport;
 6. In the county of Wicklow, a town and sea-port;
 7. A division of time, of which twelve make a year;
 8. And a poet, whose works the Italians hold dear;
 9. My next is (see Shakespeare) a fairy or sprite
Of diminutive size—comes forth only at night;
 10. A city of Holland—and last I shall name
 11. What the ladies oft sigh for, and think it no shame.
- Now join my initials, my finals as well,
And the names of two val'rous Swiss patriots I'll tell,
Who flourish'd in days that have long passed by,
But whose names in our memories never shall die.

II.

Dear reader, this rebus I plain wish to make,
So my whole it must be, if I do not mistake,
Which by transposition, a county will show
In the "emerald isle," which is well known, I trow;
Restore as at first, and then lop off my head,
Though of that act in general, men oft feel a dread;
But the case now before you is different quite,
For a poor ill-used monarch now comes into sight;
Now dissect me—let no parts remain,
In another position unite me again,
And tho' by this change I rank lower in station,
I still hold a place in th' affairs of this nation;
Transpose me again, and if carefully done,
A coin you'll obtain from a county whose sun
Is warm as the hearts of our prized English fair,
And bright as their beauty—deride them who dare;
To my whole now restore me, leave out letter second,
And then re-arrange—as a sport I'm now reckon'd—
Which changed again, will show I believe
What many possess who oft grumble or grieve;
Restore me once more, my heart then take out
And transpose—I'm a Christian name now without doubt;
Right close to my body now cut off the tail,
And a kind of conveyance to see you'll not fail;
But now as this rebus is plainly my whole,
I'll venture to finish this long rigmarolle,
Only hoping, kind reader, my answer you'll tell,
Without being put to too much trouble—Farewell.

CHARADES.

I.

My first's a word that signifies
To spoil or to abuse;
My next a kind of metal is
We very often use;
My whole's a bird of slender form,
Which migrates every year,
Quitting our land for warmer climes
As winter draweth near.

II.

Without my first I ne'er should need the aid
Of Betty (simple soul!) the dairy-maid;
My second (start not, ladies!) claims a place
As well in yours as in the tiger's face;
My whole's elicited by Sol's bright ray,
To deck the bosom of sweet smiling May.

III.

My whole is intended to first any of my second that may intrude.

IV.

At noon the sky was overcast—
It seem'd to threaten rain;
Beneath a tree reclined my first,
Heir to a proud domain.

My second oft is in request
When ladies dress their hair;
And my whole by poets is address'd
To beautiful and fair.

V.

My first expresses power,
Although the word is small,
Yet add a second—it will then
Express no power at all.

My whole is used by many a one,
And oft from want of thought;
The teacher hears it in his school,
When work to him is brought.

VI.

When pursuing my first like a huntsman bold,
I found that my second had dropped from my hold;
My whole brightly blooming around me I see,
But it cannot supply my lost second to me.

VII.

To have my first in summer time
Is no uncommon thing,
And is by us oft much enjoyed,
As it does pleasure bring;
My next reverse, and you may see
God's noblest work on earth,
Compared with which, all other things
Are but of little worth;
Now carefully my third transpose,
A number there will be,
Which is not more than six and four,
Nor is it less than three;
In days of chivalry my whole
Was held in great renown
By noblemen of high degree
In city or in town,
Where each undaunted warrior knight,
For his dear "lady's" sake,
In combat often was engaged,
And many a lance did break.

ENIGMAS.

I.

I often murmur, yet I never weep;
I always lie in bed, but never sleep;
My mouth is wide, and larger than my head,
And much disgorges, though it ne'er is fed;
I have no legs or feet, yet swiftly run—
And the more falls I get, move faster on.

II.

Let those who have skill to make mysteries clear
Now try to discover my name;
Four brothers I have, and the fifth I appear,
But our age is exactly the same.
Yet I to their stature shall never attain,
Though as fast as they always I grow;
By nature I'm destin'd a dwarf to remain—
So my riddle you'll easily know.

PUZZLE.

The heart of "Dundreary," the tail of a buffalo, the head of a worm, and the end of your big toe: these being joined together, will reveal the name of a distinguished dramatist.

THE MUSICAL MONTHLY AND DRAWING-ROOM MISCELLANY, with Musical Supplement edited by VINCENT WALLACE, is published on the 28th of each Month by ADAMS & FRANCIS, at the Office, 59, Fleet Street. It may be ordered of them through any Bookseller, Music-seller, or Newsvendor in town or country.

As this Magazine has recently commenced a new volume, a good opportunity is afforded for commencing Subscriptions, which may be forwarded to ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, Fleet Street, E.C., or CREAMER & Co., 201, Regent Street. The Subscription is 12s. annually, payable in advance, for which, with the twelve numbers of the Magazine, the Subscriber will receive above £3 worth of Copyright Music of the highest standard.

Printed at the Regent Press, No. 65, King-street, Golden-square, W., and published by ADAMS & FRANCIS, at 59, Fleet-street, E.C.—April 1, 1895.

CRAMER AND CO.

(LIMITED)

Let on Hire the following Instruments for THREE YEARS, after which,
WITHOUT ANY FURTHER PAYMENT WHATEVER, the
Instrument becomes the property of the Hirer:—

3. GUINEA PLANETTE in Rosewood or Walnut } 10 Guineas
per annum.

4. GUINEA DRAWING-ROOM MODEL } 15 Guineas
COTTAGE, Rosewood or Walnut } per annum.

5. GUINEA SEMI-OBLIQUE, Rosewood or Walnut } 20 Guineas
per annum.

Other Instruments, such as Grande, Semi-Grande, &c., may also be hired
on the same system.

Every Instrument is warranted of the VERY BEST MANUFACTURE,
inferior Instruments being entirely excluded from the stock.

QUARTERLY PAYMENTS ARE REQUIRED.

CRAMER GALLERY,

(THE ONLY GALLERY IN EUROPE)

10, NEW BOND STREET, W.

Chance arrives at the following conclusions:—1. That plaster causes at least one half of the tartaric acid contained in the dregs to pass into the wine. 2. That it increases the proportion of acid principles in wine, heightens its colour, and secures its stability. And 3. That it introduces into wine, under the form of a sulphate, the greater part of the potash in the dregs under the form of a bitartrate.

The cook of Mr. Chorley, of Leeds, was recently sent to prison for a month, charged with stealing dripping. She claimed it as one of her perquisites. On Saturday week about 12,000 persons assembled in front of the gaol, so as to give the liberated culprit an ovation, but, as the expiration of the term had not been accurately termed, the mob adjourned to the residence of the prosecutor, Mr. Chorley, who is a borough magistrate. In answer to the cries of the crowd, Mr. Chorley, so states a local paper, appeared on his doorstep, and was welcomed with a volume of groans and shouts, prominent among which was "Dripping, dripping." In response to this the worthy magistrate bowed and took off his hat. This likewise was groaned at, upon which Mr. Chorley placed his thumb upon his nose and spread his fingers out, or in other language, "took a sight." This act provoked a storm of yells, and lumps of wet snow were thrown at him. He then commenced to make a speech, in which he stated that he had been robbed shamefully, and if ever any future cook did the same, instead of one month she should have two. This declaration was badly received by the crowd, who jeered the speaker unmercifully. Eventually Mr. Chorley, amid a perfect shower of groans and dripping snow-balls, retreated into the house. Another demonstration was made on Wednesday, when the mob, numbering some 10,000 persons, again proceeded to the gaol to welcome the discharge of the woman, but, as in the previous instance, were disappointed. They then swarmed in the direction of Park-square, and congregated in front of Mr. Chorley's residence. The police were unable to cope with the mob, and, as danger of a riot was apprehended, an additional force of police was telegraphed for to Bradford, and the military were called from York. Before the arrival of this formidable body, however, the great "dripping row" had terminated.

OUT OF DOORS.

The occupants of a second-class carriage, journeying on the Midland railway one day recently, received at a certain station an addition to their number in the shape of a comfortable-looking country woman, carrying in her arms a bundle which, after seating herself, she partly rested upon the knees of the opposite traveller, a sour-visaged old gentleman, who resented the liberty by exclaiming, "Don't make a shelf of me, ma'am. I think the guard's van or under the seat would be best for baggage." Here the train entered a tunnel, and all was darkness but not silence; an infant, seemingly alarmed at the situation, commenced crying loudly, and gave out squeal after squeal until the train emerged into daylight, when curious glances were cast round the compartment, but no miniature sample of humanity was visible. Then came another tunnel, with a second edition of darkness, and again the troublesome baby poured forth its lamentations, while the voice of a female was heard vainly endeavouring to soothe her charge, with which at length she seemed to be exasperated, and which, regardless of consequences, she slapped and cuffed most unmercifully. As before, with light the tumult subsided, but the curiosity of all was raised to the highest pitch. Each one appeared suspicious of the rest. The old gentleman positively scowled at his *vis-à-vis*, the countrywoman. She was set down in his mind as the inhuman baby-beater, and he intimated, as far as looks can speak, that her bundle concealed the ill-used little creature. "I insist, ma'am," he observed, with a harsh and authoritative air, "that you place that package beneath the seat, or I shall summon the guard." "D'ye think its pison?" said the suspected female, as she complied with the request; but the "baby" again cried beneath the seat. What mournful, pitiful utterances! The hapless infant was surely being suffocated. "Shameful!" "Brutal!" "Monstrous!" and other expressions of indignation went round. Could glances have killed, the countrywoman had breathed her last. She did not, however, seem to realise the position, judging from the cool manner in which she took the bundle from its resting place and prepared to depart as the train drew up at a station. This proceeding did not suit the old gentleman. He was determined to have the mystery solved,

and thrusting his head out of the window cried lustily for the guard. That functionary came up, and was informed of the cruel treatment to which an infant had been subjected, and was requested to examine the countrywoman's bundle. "Me tie up a baby in here," cried the accused; "if I did, then, it was one of fourteen at a birth; and she smiled, meanwhile untying the knots and exposed the presumed infant, which assumed the shape of a sucking pig prepared for market. "Then where is the child?" cried several voices. "Well, I'm afraid," observed the guard, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "that the child is rather an old one; for I see you've got Mr. Thurton, the ventriloquist, up in the corner there;" whereupon the old gentleman observed that he considered that it would be far better if Mr. Thurton confined his performance to the stage, without making disturbances in railway carriages and fools of the passengers.

Pastime.

REBUSES.

1. A province of Russia, whose climate is cold;
 2. A house of refreshment, where liquors are sold;
 3. A metal which we do in many forms use;
 4. And one who to utter base falsehoods doth choose;
 5. What in winter affords us abundance of sport;
 6. In the county of Wicklow, a town and sea-port;
 7. A division of time, of which twelve make a year;
 8. And a poet, whose works the Italians hold dear;
 9. My next is (see Shakespeare) a fairy or sprite
Of diminutive size—comes forth only at night;
 10. A city of Holland—and last I shall name
 11. What the ladies oft sigh for, and think it no shame.
- Now join my initials, my finals as well,
And the names of two val'rous Swiss patriots I'll tell,
Who flourish'd in days that have long passed by,
But whose names in our memories never shall die.

II.

Dear reader, this rebus I plain wish to make,
So my *whole* it must be, if I do not mistake,
Which by transposition, a county will show
In the "emerald isle," which is well known, I trow;
Restore as at first, and then lop off my head,
Though of that act in general, men oft feel a dread;
But the case now before you is different quite,
For a poor ill-used monarch now comes into sight;
Now dissect me—let no parts remain,
In another position unite me again,
And tho' by this change I rank lower in station,
I still hold a place in th' affairs of this nation;
Transpose me again, and if carefully done,
A coin you'll obtain from a county whose sun
Is warm as the hearts of our prized English fair,
And bright as their beauty—deride them who dare;
To my *whole* now restore me, leave out letter second,
And then re-arrange—as a sport I'm now reckon'd—
Which changed again, will show I believe
What many possess who oft grumble or grieve;
Restore me once more, my heart then take out
And transpose—I'm a Christian name now without doubt;
Right close to my body now cut off the tail,
And a kind of conveyance to see you'll not fail;
But now as this rebus is plainly my *whole*,
I'll venture to finish this long rignarolle,
Only hoping, kind reader, my answer you'll tell,
Without being put to too much trouble—Farewell.

CHARADES.

I.

My *first's* a word that signifies
To spoil or to abuse;
My *next* a kind of metal is
We very often use;
My *whole's* a bird of slender form,
Which migrates every year,
Quitting our land for warmer climes
As winter draweth near.

II.

Without my *first* I ne'er should need the aid
Of Betty (simple soul!) the dairy-maid;
My *second* (start not, ladies!) claims a place
As well in yours as in the tiger's face;
My *whole's* elicited by Sol's bright ray,
To deck the bosom of sweet smiling May.

III.

My *whole* is intended to *first* any of my *second* that may intrude.

IV.

At noon the sky was overcast—
It seem'd to threaten rain;
Beneath a tree reclined my *first*,
Heir to a proud domain.

My *second* oft is in request
When ladies dress their hair;
And my *whole* by poets is address'd
To beautiful and fair.

V.

My *first* expresses power,
Although the word is small,
Yet add a *second*—it will then
Express no power at all.

My *whole* is used by many a one,
And oft from want of thought;
The teacher hears it in his school,
When work to him is brought.

VI.

When pursuing my *first* like a huntsman bold,
I found that my *second* had dropped from my hold;
My *whole* brightly blooming around me I see,
But it cannot supply my lost *second* to me.

VII.

To have my *first* in summer time
Is no uncommon thing,
And is by us oft much enjoyed,
As it does pleasure bring;
My *next* reverse, and you may see
God's noblest work on earth,
Compared with which, all other things
Are but of little worth;
Now carefully my *third* transpose,
A number there will be,
Which is not more than six and four,
Nor is it less than three;
In days of chivalry my *whole*
Was held in great renown
By noblemen of high degree
In city or in town,
Where each undaunted warrior knight,
For his dear "lady's" sake,
In combat often was engaged,
And many a lance did break.

ENIGMAS.

I.

I often murmur, yet I never weep;
I always lie in bed, but never sleep;
My mouth is wide, and larger than my head,
And much disgorges, though it ne'er is fed;
I have no legs or feet, yet swiftly run—
And the more falls I get, move faster on.

II.

Let those who have skill to make mysteries clear
Now try to discover my name;
Four brothers I have, and the fifth I appear,
But our age is exactly the same.
Yet I to their stature shall never attain,
Though as fast as they always I grow;
By nature I'm destin'd a dwarf to remain—
So my riddle you'll easily know.

PUZZLE.

The heart of "Dundreary," the tail of a buffalo, the head of a worm, and the end of your big toe: these being joined together, will reveal the name of a distinguished dramatist.

THE MUSICAL MONTHLY AND DRAWING-ROOM MISCELLANY, with Musical Supplement edited by VINCENT WALLACE, is published on the 28th of each Month by ADAMS & FRANCIS, at the Offices, 59, Fleet Street. It may be ordered of them through any Bookseller, Music-seller, or News-vendor in town or country.

As this Magazine has recently commenced a new volume, a good opportunity is afforded for commencing Subscriptions, which may be forwarded to ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, Fleet Street, E.C., or CRAMER & CO., 201, Regent Street. The Subscription is 12s. annually, payable in advance, for which, with the twelve numbers of the Magazine, the Subscriber will receive above £2 worth of Copyright Music of the highest standard.

Printed at the Regent Press, No. 55, King-street, Golden-square, W., and published by ADAMS & FRANCIS, at 59, Fleet-street, E.C.—April 1, 1865.

CRAMER AND CO.

(LIMITED)

Let on Hire the following Pianofortes for THREE YEARS, after which, and WITHOUT ANY FARTHER PAYMENT WHATEVER, the Instrument becomes the property of the Hirer:—

28 GUINEA PIANETTE, in Rosewood or	} 10 Guineas per annum.
Walnut	
42 GUINEA DRAWING-ROOM MODEL	} 15 Guineas per annum.
COTTAGE, Rosewood or Walnut	
60 GUINEA SEMI-OBLIQUE, Rosewood or	} 20 Guineas per annum.
Walnut	

Other Instruments, such as Grands, Semi-Grands, &c., may also be hired on the same system.

Every Instrument is warranted of the VERY BEST MANUFACTURE, inferior Pianofortes being entirely excluded from the stock.

•• QUARTERLY PAYMENTS ARE REQUIRED.

PIANOFORTE GALLERY,

(THE LARGEST IN EUROPE.)

207 & 209, REGENT STREET, W.

